

SEPTEMBER 26, 1955 *

SPORTS

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25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

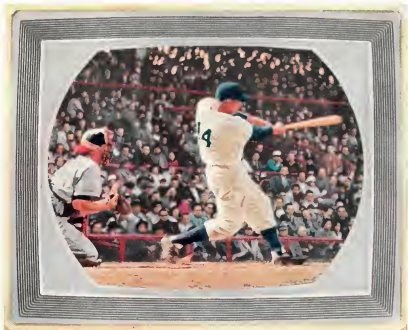


**WALTER
ALSTON**

**PREVIEW
OF
THE WORLD SERIES**

ALL THE THRILLS! ALL THE COLOR! FIRST TIME IN HISTORY!

WORLD SERIES GAMES ON COLOR TV!



SEE WORLD SERIES games over NBC-TV in Big Color by RCA Victor

BIG COLOR BY RCA VICTOR

October sunshine...roaring crowds...the flash of spikes—championship baseball...and Big Color by RCA Victor! This year more fans will enjoy the real flavor of the World Series than ever before!

Two great events bring it to you! NBC-TV's first colorcast of Series games—and the introduction of two new 21-inch Color Television sets by RCA Victor.

See games at your RCA Victor dealer's! See how Color makes baseball so real you can almost taste the hot dogs! And after the game, see what fine black-and-white reception you get, too—because RCA

Victor Color TV is compatible. Plan now to enjoy the World Series on 21-inch Color TV at your RCA Victor dealer's—or in your own home!

WORKS-FREE! With an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract (available extra), your set is installed and serviced by RCA technicians. Available only to RCA Victor TV owners. Manufacturer's extremely advanced UHF-FHF set prices shown, subject to change.

See Milton Berle, Martha Raye alternately \$ all every 3 Saturdays, NBC-TV. Don't miss "Producer's Showcase" on RCA Compatible Color on black and white NBC TV, Monday, October 13.



FIRST IN BLACK-AND-WHITE TELEVISION

RCA VICTOR
THE
MAJOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

FIRST IN COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION



New 21-inch D1C1661. Two speakers. Matching or kind tropical hardwood base. \$714.95. \$879. Full screen 21-inch Series console D1C1661, \$719.

B.F. Goodrich



Why Traction Express tires roll 125,000 miles—50% more than other makes

JAMES J. VIRIANO (above, left) owns Pekin Distributing Company of Pekin, Illinois, a beverage delivery concern. His trucks are constantly on the go, all of them on B. F. Goodrich tires. For example, the Traction Express tires pictured have already run 125,000 miles on the *original tread*, still have more mileage in them!

This is a mileage increase of 50%



NOAH DAVIS TRANSFER CO., Athens, Ga., reports Traction Express tires give double the mileage of other tires in cotton hauling work.

over other makes of tires, Viriano reports. And other truck operators (below) report similar records. They call the Traction Express the "100,000-mile truck tire".

B. F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express tread up to 56% thicker than that of an ordinary tire. And the tread is flat against the pavement for slow, even wear. Husky cleats pull better,

defy skids. And under the tread is the B. F. Goodrich *all-nylon* cord body. Nylon withstands double the impact of ordinary cord materials, resists heat blowouts and flex breaks. *All-nylon* Traction Express tires wear longer, can be *recapped over and over!*

See money-saving *all-nylon* Traction Express tires at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's (rayon construction available at lower prices). The address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write The B. F. Goodrich Company, Tire & Equipment Division, Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks or trailers



JAMES MANKSHIP of B & T Trucking Co., West Point, Miss., (above with new tires) reports 125,000 miles for Traction Express tires.



SPORTS

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MANAGING EDITOR Sidney James recently asked some of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readers how they felt about continuing J. P. Marquand's Happy Knoll series, perhaps as a permanent feature. Among the replies—almost all strongly in favor—was one from Don Mix of the Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency, which went into the question rather deeply:

You asked for my opinion on this fellow Marquand whom you are proposing for permanent membership in the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED club.

I do not know him personally, although a friend of mine who has moved from Pittsburgh to Boston claims to have met him at a party. Since this friend, who is a prince of a guy, has nevertheless been known to drop a name or two, I do not rely too much on his impression of this fellow Marquand, if indeed my friend ever really met him. My wife, who is a regular bookworm, says that she has read practically everything this fellow Marquand ever wrote. She goes on to say that most of his books are best sellers and that he must be worth a mint by now, which is always an advantage in a Permanent Member. No continuous whining for an advance, and that sort of thing, you know.

The fact that his initials are "J.P." is no drawback either, since he may well have some connections with the Morgans. I know there are some people who think that writers who are habitually starring in some garret are inspired to their best. But my personal experience is that a full stomach never interfered with using a typewriter.

Furthermore, judging by this fellow Marquand's initial efforts, every one of which I have read with considerable relish, I think you can safely take him on as a regular. His etchings of country club life could not possibly be offensive to any of your readers, since he obviously is writing about the other fellow's country club.

Finally, congratulations on your rapid climb to 600,000 avid followers . . . and keep up the good work.

Managing Editor James, with the approval of Mr. Mix and an enthusiastic majority of SI readers, has invited Mr. Marquand to permanent SI membership. Right in this week's issue the subject of the moment at Happy Knoll is Old Ned, the bartender, and "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgotten?"

Harry Phillips

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AN SI BASEBALL SPECIAL

17 WORLD SERIES PREVIEW: THIS YEAR THE DODGERS?

Barring a Cleveland miracle, next week's World Series will rematch those old antagonists—Brooklyn and the Yankees. ROBERT CREAMER and ROY TERRELL tell you why Dodgerdom expects to win this time. Plus professionally detailed scouting reports to help you decide for yourself and a COLOR SPECTACLE of the Dodgers in action by HY FESKIN (page 13)

- 22 **TARHEEL TRIUMPH IN THE OLD DOMINION**
HERBERT WARREN WIND tells how the National Amateur Golf championship turned into Harvey Ward week in Richmond, Virginia
- 32 **MIDWEST FOOTBALL PREVIEW**
From Michigan to Iowa, the giants of the Great Lakes states will again display the best collegiate football in the U.S. Mackay and Ohio State are the hard-pressed favorites. HERMAN HICKMAN reports. HUNCHES for this week's games on page 33
- 34 **THREE TOUCHDOWNS FOR HARVEY**
The famous RUCKER Kang finally made his UCLA debut and lived right up to stepfather Harvey Kinn's disparson promises. JAMES MURRAY files the story of a stepfather-and-son team to watch this season
- 46 **TROUBLE IN THE BAR AT HAPPY KNOLL**
Even if his hand does tremble, Old Ned's ears are still excellent and there are those at J. P. MARQUAND'S own country club who are fain to discuss him
- 48 **KINGS IN A CAULDRON**
A witch's brew of losing seas and unpredictable winds doesn't scare away determined anglers who go after 40-pound king salmon off Washington's coast. WILLIAM WARDEN tells the story, which is illustrated with a page IN COLOR
- 50 **ROYAL SPORT IN ANCIENT EGYPT**
The varied desert hunts and river fishing of the Pharaohs were recorded by meticulous artists as long as 3,000 years ago and their rich impressions are still preserved. Three pages of paintings IN COLOR

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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- 40 **Horses:** WHITNEY TOWER takes in the turf racing at Atlantic City and makes a prediction on next week's Synony
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- 44 **Sporting Look:** Cordurey is adding variety to the suburban man's wardrobe
- 58 **Tip from the Top:** JIM FOGERTY of St. Louis' Sunset Country Club thinks golfers should take a warmup as ballplayers do
- 58 **Yesterday:** KYLE CRICHTON recalls the frenzy and suspense in Detroit during the last hectic days of the 1954 pennant race



COVER: WALTER ALSTON

Photograph by Mark Kaufman

Walter Alston, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers (see photographs in color, pages 18-16), is a big, tall, slope-shouldered man with an almost inaudible voice, an even temper, a quiet personality (SI, July 11) and an extraordinary gift for handling the talented but often temperamental men who play major league baseball. In this, his second season in the majors, he guided the Dodgers to the National League pennant and now enters his first World Series. For a preview of what Alston faces in the Series, with scouting reports on his Dodgers and the rival New York Yankees, turn to pages 17-21.

Advertisements on page 57

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE BIG FIGHT IN WORDS AND PICTURES

SI's team of boxing experts tells the "why" as well as the "what," with dramatic drawings that anatomize the action

THE CONQUERORS' OWN STORY OF KANCHENJUNGA

How the great Himalayan peak was scaled, by Climber George C. Bond, plus first color photographs of the assault

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Herb Score**, fastballing young Cleveland outpawp, fanned nine Washington Senators, brought total for season to 235, set new major league strikeout record for rookie. Old mark: 227 by Grover Cleveland Alexander in 1911. ● **OSCA** announced streamlined prototype of stock 1956 MT 4, owned by James Simpson Jr. of Wadsworth, Ill. and driven by veteran racers Tony Bettenhausen of Tinley Park, Ill. and Marshall Lewis of Round Lake, Ill., broke 15 world records, 52 U.S. standards in recent speed runs on western Utah's salt flats. ● **George Byers Jr.**, Columbus, Ohio speedster, roared his seven-liter

hydroplane over one-mile course at 125.406 mph, shattered own world mark in Ohio River boat races at Melbourne, Ky. ● **Spain's** chubby but fit Francisco Franco bottled 710-pound tuna on Bimini King rod and No. 39 line for more than hour in waters off La Coruña, finally boated monster to set tackle record for biggest fish ever caught in Spain, ordered prize to be divided among charitable institutions in region. ● **Vladimir Kuc**, powerful-striding Russian, legged 5,000 meters in swift 13:46.08 at Belgrade, surpassed own listed world standard of 13:51.2, bettered 1934's clocking of Hungary's Sándor Iharos.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees picked up pennant scent, swept three straight from "relaxed" Boston while fading Cleveland bowed three times to charged-up Detroit, moved two full games ahead of Indians as tense American League race headed into final week. Despite injuries to Mickey Vande, Bill Skowron and Phil Rizzuto, Yankee old pros got smell of World Series money in sensitive nostrils, came from behind to edge Red Sox 3-4 on ninth-inning home runs by clutch-hitting Hank Bauer and banged-up Yogi Berra, won second game 4-1 with help of sparkling four-hit pitching of rejuvenated 35-year-old Tommy Byrne, took third 3-2 behind seven-inning hitless relief job by sophomore Bob Grim. Meanwhile gloom settled in Cleveland and fans booed as Detroit's Steve Gromek relieved injured Billy Hoelt in fourth inning, got even with former Indian teammates by pitching 3-0 shutout; fastballing Frank Lary outthrew veteran Bob Lemon to win 3-1. Real crusher was 10-3 trouncing administered by Tigers, who got timely slugging from Outfielder Al Kaline, league's leading hitter, and superb pitching from bonus rookie Bob Miller in final game of set.

Chicago White Sox, all but eliminated from chase, split four with eighth-place Baltimore, lost two of three to sixth-place Kansas City, fell five games behind front-running Yankees. Baltimore took four in row from Washington, moved out of cellar for first time this season into seventh-place tie with Senators, spoiled chances for American League record.

Brooklyn Dodgers, with National League flag safely tucked away, went into tailspin, lost five straight before knocking off New York Giants 4-3, then split next two with 1954 champions 5-8, 7-5. New York's Willie Mays got home-run range, banged two against Milwaukee (who clinched second place), three against Dodgers to take over league leadership with 48, led Cincinnati's strongboy Ted Kluszewski by two. Philadelphia took three of four from Chicago and Pittsburgh, drew within one game of third-place New York.

FOOTBALL

Bonnie Knox, highly publicized apple of stepfather Harvey's eye, pitched three-earring games in college debut, helped powerful UCLA roll up 21-0 win over Texas A&M at Los Angeles, became latest California favorite (see page 35).

Southern California, paced by brilliant running of Junior Jon Arnett, scored at will

in last three quarters, overwhelmed Washington State 50-12 at Los Angeles.

Pitt, on way back as football power, treated home-town fans and new coach Johnny Michelosen to blazing finish in 92nd heat, broke 7-7 tie with three touchdowns in last quarter (two by substitute Dick Benen, one by hard-hitting Bob Griener), punched out 27-7 victory over California.

Georgia Tech took full advantage of 43-yard punt return (on fair-catch-interference foul) by Halfback Paul Rottenberry, 25-yard pass interception by Center Johnny Morris, held off Miami's power thrusts, chalked up 14-6 triumph in nationally televised opener at Atlanta.

Maryland rolled to two touchdowns in first half, got score when Missouri struck back for pair in third and fourth periods but made Bob Laughrey's conversion stand up for close 13-12 win at Columbia, Mo.

Texas Tech parlayed crafty quarterbacking by Jack Kirkpatrick, bruising blocking by line into first half 13-0 lead, smuffed out last-ditch Texas rally to run up 30-14 win over Longhorns at Austin, Tex.

AUTO RACING

Sherwood Johnston of Greenwich, Conn., whipped into lead at start of 101.2-mile grind over 4.6 miles of country roads, kept Briggs Cunningham's fish-finned D Jaguar humming along at average speed of 81.82 mph, edged Bill Spear of Southport, Conn., and Bill Lloyd of Green Farm, Conn., both in 3-liter Maseratis, to win Watkins Glen Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. Dr. M. R. J. Wyllie of Allison Park, Pa. took his third straight Seneca Cup in C Jaguar; Oakleigh Robinson of Washington, D.C. won Collier Brothers Memorial with his MG TF; Paul O'Shea of Rye, N.Y. captured Gine Trophy event with Mercedes 300SL; Bill Walden of New York, in Porsche, moved home ahead of Art Bunker of Kansas City for Queen Catherine Cup (for class winners, see OTHER RESULTS).

Surfing Moss, ranking British racer, pushed his Mercedes Benz over crooked Dundrod course at average speed of 85.32 mph after setting lap record of 92.70 in trial spin, outlasted world champion Juan Manuel Fangio by near-lap, celebrated 63rd birthday with victory in tragedy-filled 623-mile Ulster Tourist Trophy Race at Belfast. Flaming crashes took lives of Jim Mayers, Bill Smith and Richard Mainwaring, sent French star Jean Behra to hospital with head injuries.

BOXING

Nine Valdes, long-armed Cuban heavy-weight, raked roly-poly Don Cockell with sharp jabs and jolting hooks, floored game

but inept Englishman in third, won by TKO when referee halted fight at end of same round in London. Valdes, beaten by Archie Moore last May, announced new policy ("to be a killer"), clamored for shot at winner of Ezzard Charles-Moore heavyweight title bout.

Tony DeMarco, relieved of welterweight crown by Carmen Basilio, these horns from opening bell, smashed befuddled former drama student Chico Vejar to canvas twice, was given TKO victory after 2-40 of first round at Boston.

Frankie Ryan, tender-skinned young New York lightweight, collected gash over left eye to match scar over right eye, skillfully outboxed and outpunched aggressive Joey Lopez to take 10-round decision at Detroit.

Pennsylvania Boxing Commission made latest move to clean up boxing, charged Anthony Ferrente and Carmen Graalano, co-managers of Lightweight Champion Wallace (Bud) Smith (who has agreed to defend title against Jimmy Carter, Oct. 19 in Cincinnati) and the jailed Joey Giardello, with "association with gamblers, racketeers and persons of ill repute," ordered both to appear at hearing in Philadelphia, Sept. 22 to show cause why their licenses should not be revoked or suspended.

GOLF

Harvie Ward, handsome, 28-year-old transplanted North Carolinian who now hails from San Francisco, blasted shots straight and long off tee, used rusty putter accurately over tricky James River Course greens, overwhelmed weekend golfer Bill Hyndman of Philadelphia 9 and 8 to become first Southern-born player since Bobby Jones to win U.S. Amateur championship at Richmond, Va. (see page 28).

Ted Kroll, onetime infantry sergeant from Bethesda, Md., dropped 38-foot putt on first sudden-death extra hole, edged PGA Champion Doug Ford to take Daily News Open and \$4,000 at Philadelphia.

TENNIS

Bernard (Tut) Bartzen, hustling San Angelo, Tex. ballhawk, surprised newly crowned but weary National Champion Tony Trabert, scored 7-9, 11-9, 6-4 upset victory in long-delayed (since July) Tri-state-Western final at Cincinnati.

MOTORBOATING

Guy Lombardo's supercharged Tempo VII made sweet music for canny pilot Danny Foster, won prized President's Cup when Miss Pepsi, winner of two earlier heats under skillful handling of veteran Chuck

Thompson, was disqualified for jumping gun by four seconds in final race at Washington, D.C. Victory was second big one this year for Lombardi, Tempo VII and Foster, who won Silver Cup at Detroit.

David Livingston of Lake Village, Ark. zoomed his Class C service hydro and Class C service runabout to second straight NOA titles, lost third when he bowed to Dennis Martin of Jackson, Mich. in Class C hydro at Mt. Carmel, Ill.

HORSE RACING

Mrs. H. L. Nathanson's Irish-bred Blue Choir got top-notch ride from top-winning U.S. jockey Willie Hartack, squeezed along rail to take lead, outprinted rivals to win by good 3 1/2 lengths in \$70,000 Foreign Breed Stakes; Chris Cheney's Prince Hill overcame slow start, got up in time to out-run Chevalier in \$50,000 American Breed Stakes, led eight qualifiers (four in each race) for Saturday's \$100,000 United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City. Best of field: Foxhunter's Chevalier, Mrs. Zaida Cohen's Boy d'Amour, C. M. Miller's Kaster, Mrs. J. W. Hane's Queens Beeches, Martin Fabiani's Klairon, Mrs. Ogden Phipps's Fox II (see page 10).

Lafon, Cal's Hoy Stable's 19 to 1 shot, survived first-turn accident that brought injuries to jockeys Tony DeSantis and Sidney Cole, Showmat Stable's Calisberg Girl, made bid in stretch under Henry Marten's urging, went on to take \$69,400 Boldame Handicap at Aqueduct, N.Y.

Robair, Alberta Ranches' swift-footed unbeaten 2-year-old filly, with veteran Johnny Longden up, coasted home by 2 1/4 lengths, won her fifth straight in \$25,000 California Junior Miss Stakes at Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

HARNESS RACING

Adios Harry, J. Howard Lyons' swift 4-year-old brown sidewheeler, showed his appreciation for 10-day rest cure, bounced back to grab early lead, held off challenging rivals to win \$27,900 Good Time Free at Yonkers Raceway, N.Y.

STEEPLECHASE RACING

Repose, M. G. Walsh's 11-year-old timber-hopper who won Foxcatcher National Cup week earlier, was still in good form, led field home in Cecil County Steeplechase at Fair Hill, Md. Arcadia Stable's frisky Caster had easy time, finished first in Manly Steeplechase over two miles of brush jumps.

MILEPOSTS

MARRIED—Rex Richard Dyer, Philadelphia salesman, men's national bare fencing champion; and pretty Louise Knab, No. 2-ranked woman fencer; in New York.

DIED—Tom Friedmann, 28, prominent Milwaukee sportsman, sports car racer; of severe bone burns and injuries suffered when Maserati overturned during trial run at Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wis. Sept. 9; at Milwaukee.

DIED—Capt. Jim Sutherland, 84, onetime traveling shoe salesman, hockey player, manager, coach and league official, founder of Canadian Hockey Hall of Fame; at Kingston, Ont.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending September 18)

AMERICAN LEAGUE			NATIONAL LEAGUE		
1. New York	Detroit	5-4, 4-1	1. Brooklyn	St. Louis	New York
W 8, L 0	6-0, 6-4	2-2	W 2, L 4	2-5, 0-3	4-3, 5-8
Saves: 51-95			Saves: 15-33	2-3	7-5
Pct: .619			Pct: .612		
2. Cleveland	Washington	Detroit	2. Milwaukee	New York	St. Louis
W 2, L 4	3-1, 3-2	0-3, 3-3	W 3, L 2	3-5, 9-3	4-5, 1-4
Saves: 50-59	2-3	3-10	Saves: 33-46		3-1
Pct: .604			Pct: .557		
3. Chicago	Baltimore	Kansas City	3. New York	Milwaukee	Brooklyn
W 3, L 4	0-2, 0-4	7-13, 12-8	W 2, L 1	6-1, 2-9	3-4, 6-5
Saves: 37-62	2-4, 6-0	3-8	Saves: 19-72		5-7
Pct: .584			Pct: .510		
4. Boston	Kansas City	New York	4. Philadelphia	Chicago	Pittsburgh
W 1, L 5	5-6, 7-8	4-5, 1-4	W 1, L 1	10-0	6-1, 2-5
Saves: 82-45	3-7	2-3	Saves: 75-74		3-1
Pct: .518			Pct: .503		
5. Detroit	New York	Cleveland	5. Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago
W 2, L 2	5-2, 4-8	3-5, 3-1	W 1, L 2	2-5	2-3, 12-8
Saves: 75-73		10-3	Saves: 75-77		
Pct: .507			Pct: .487		
6. Kansas City	Boston	Chicago	6. Chicago	Philadelphia	Cincinnati
W 4, L 2	4-5, 6-7	13-7, 9-12	W 1, L 2	0-10	3-2, 5-12
Saves: 43-85	7-3	8-11	Saves: 70-78		
Pct: .476			Pct: .473		
7. Washington	Cleveland	Baltimore	7. St. Louis	Pittsburgh	Brooklyn
W 1, L 6	3-3, 3-8	4-5, 7-8	W 0, L 3	3-8	6-2, 3-6
Saves: 51-95	3-1	3-1, 0-5	Saves: 64-84		1-2
Pct: .349			Pct: .432		
8. Baltimore	Chicago	Washington	8. Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Cincinnati
W 6, L 1	2-0, 6-9	3-4, 8-7	W 3, L 2	9-3	1-5, 5-2
Saves: 51-95	6-2, 0-6	3-1, 9-0	Saves: 58-89		3-2
Pct: .349			Pct: .315		
INDIVIDUAL LEADERS			INDIVIDUAL LEADERS		
Batting—Al Kalton, Detroit, .340			Batting—Bobby Aschman, Philadelphia, .349		
Runs batted in—Jackie Jensen, Boston, 113			Runs batted in—Oskar Snow, Brooklyn, 134		
Home runs—Mickey Martin, New York, 27			Home runs—Willie Mays, New York, 48		
Pitching—Tommy Ryan, New York, 16-4			Pitching—Don Newcombe, Brooklyn, 20-5		

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

TIM FLOCK, Atlanta, NASCAR 250-m. late model stock race, with 3 1/2 mph avg. speed (second), Langhorne, Pa.
JACK MCGRAW, S. Pasadena, AAA 350-m. stock car race, with 88 mph avg. speed, Milwaukee.

(Wahle's Blue Class winners, Watkins Glen, N.Y.)

(Grand Prix)
CHARLES JOHNSON, Rye, N.Y., Class B modified, in Can-Am
LEW CONNOR, Greenwich, Conn., Class C modified, in Jaguar
LIL SPILAR, Southampton, Conn., Class C modified, in Mustang
(Carter Cup)
DE M. J. WYLLIE, Alden Park, Pa., Class C modified, in Jaguar
DAR BOWMAN, Canton, Mass., Class C modified, in Mercedes 200
BILL WOODRIF, Flushing, N.Y., Class C modified, in Fiat
JOHN PLACATED, Lynnfield Center, Mass., Unclassified, in Chevrolet
(Queen Catherine Cup)
JACK WILSON, New York, Class F modified, in Porsche 904
LEN BASTRUP, Wilton, Conn., Class G modified, in Lotus
GARY POOLE, S. Greenwich, Conn., Class H modified, in PBX
L. P. (Purdum only), Franklin, N.Y., Class F production (Glen Tapco)
DICK THOMPSON, Washington, D.C., Class C Production, in Jaguar XK560C
JOHN CLAPP, Danvers, Conn., Class D Production (old section), in Aston Martin
PAUL D'ONIA, Rye, N.Y., Class D Production (new section), in Mercedes-Benz
GARY GUBIN, Teaneck, Conn., Class E Production, in Morgan
(Columbia Roadster Memorial)
GABRIEL ROBINSON, Washington, D.C., Class F Production, in MG TC Road
HENRY WILLARD, Waterford, Conn., Class G Production, in MG TC

BASISAL

WILFRED, over Toronto, 11-15, 1st, late League division, over 4 straight Rochester, N.Y.
MINNEAPOLIS, over Omaha, 7-3, American Asia, play-offs, over 4 straight, Omaha, Neb.

BOXING

BAROLO CARTER, 30-round split decision over Wayne Barker, heavyweights, Miami Beach
GERI FULLER, 10-round decision over Al Andrews, middleweights, Ogden, Utah
GARY LACON, 10-round decision over Jim Shaw, welterweights, Portland, Ore.
VIGGO, AINS, 10-round decision over Harold (Baby) Jones, welterweights, Indianapolis
RALPH DUPAS, 10-round decision over Mickey Burrows, lightweight, Hollywood, Calif.

WILLIE PEP, C-rund T&O over Jimmy Itho, featherweights, Hartford, Conn.
PETER J. BARRAN, 14-round 60 over John Tate, bantamweights, Glasgow, Scotland.

FOOTBALL

(Larday College games)
Aurora 21, Chicago 7
Bayler 19, Wood 10
Carmichael 33, Pasadena 7
Denver 15, Iowa State 7
Flu 28, West State 14
Flu 21, 7, in C. State 0
Ga. Tech 14, Miami 0
Hawaii 6, Honolulu 0
Houston 14, Houston 12
LSU 14, Kentucky 7
Marquette 12, Washington 14
Mississippi 16, Georgia 13
New York 20, Erie 10
Pitt 27, California 7
S. Cal 50, Wash. St. 12
S. Cal 50, Wash. St. 12
Stanford 33, Cal 14
Tou 41, Kansas 14
Texas Tech 20, Texas 34
Tulane 20, WMU 7
UCI 21, Texas A&M 6
Wash. 14, 14
Washington 14, 14
Wyoming 24, Kansas 5-20

(NFL schedule)

Baltimore 48, Pitt 17
Chi Bears 24, Cleve 17
Philadelphia 18, Los Angeles 21

(Canadian press)

Edmonton 24, Calgary 12
Edmonton 24, Sask 8
Winnipeg 20, Hamilton 20

GOLF

LEONIE SPODES, Sun Island, Ga., St. Louis Open, with 775 for 12 holes, 30, 100
WALLACE SMITH, Wichita, Kan., Miss. High Open, with 221 for 54 holes, Denver

NORSE RACING

SPED ROLLER, \$25,500 Midwest Handicap, 4 1/2 f., by 3 1/4 lengths, in 1:12 2/5, Woodward, Chicago, Al Foster up
CALIFORNIA, \$25,500 Midwest Handicap, 7 f., by 3 1/4 lengths in 1:12 2/5, Atlantic City, H. Hedley Wood up
FUSCO, \$25,500 Babylon Handicap, 8 f., by nose, in 1:11 3/5, Aspetuck, H. Hedley Wood up

JUDO

JAPAN: over U.S., 4-2, Tokyo

MOTORCARS

DE ALBA B. DU MONT, Elkhart, N.J., art. prefilled, led cruiser championship, with 7,704 pts.
(NOR championship, 49, 10, 11, 12)

BILL PENNY, Dayton, Ohio, Class A hydro bike
BOB BLASKE, Dayton, Ohio, Class A hydro bike
BOB BLASKE, Dayton, Ohio, Class A hydro bike

HARRY VIGGS, Madison, Wis., Class F hydro bike
BILL SEECOLD, Greenville, S.C., Class C hydro bike
HARRY HUBBELL, Rosewood, Calif., Class M (lightest) hydro bike

POLO

REDDIE BRON, over Oak Knoll, 13-8, for Natl. Handicap championship, Chicago

TENNIS

TONY TRAMER, Cincinnati, and GUYTON BAKER FLITZ, Long Beach, Calif., over Beverly Hard and Ken Rossmel, 6-1, 5-7, Pacific Southwest mixed doubles title, Los Angeles



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Ed Bang, sports editor of the Cleveland "News," thinks that Ty Cobb is the greatest baseball player of all time. Who do you think is the greatest?

BILL McGOOGAN



St. Louis Post-Dispatch Sports Editor

"It's Cobb or Wagner, I say Wagner because a shortstop is a much more important cog in a baseball machine.

Hans was an unparalleled shortstop. He helped the pitcher, the second and third basemen and the outfielders. Wagner never had a crack at the rabbit ball. Cobb had nine years of it."

FORD FRICK



Commissioner of Baseball

"No one living today can give you an answer that others won't tear to shreds. Of the old-timers, Wagner, Cobb and Ruth were the greatest. The moderns include such greats as Musial, Joe DiMaggio, Hornsby, Frisch, Ted Williams and others. Any group arguing this will violently disagree."

BERNARD H. NEMLICH, New York



Treasurer Regan Furniture Co.

"It's Cobb or Wagner, but that honor rightfully belongs to Ty Cobb. In 24 years in the majors, Ty had a batting average of .367 to .329 for Hans Wagner and he played in 245 more games. Ty scored 594 more runs and made 761 more hits, and he stole more bases than the Flying Dutchman."

FRANKLIN LEWIS



Sports Editor Cleveland Press

"Babe Ruth was the greatest. Babe was really an all-round player. Not only was he the home-run king, but he was the greatest fielder in the outfield. And he was a great pitcher and infielder. I could make a case for Tris Speaker, who introduced me to my wife, but you'd think I'm prejudiced."

CASEY STENGEL



Manager
N. Y. Yankees

"No great player ever played every position. Hans Wagner was the greatest shortstop. Of the outstanding outfielders, Cobb made the greatest average, but he was greater than Ruth? Rogers Hornsby was the best club hitter I've ever seen. Eddie Collins was great, Joe Jackson terrific."

MAJ. GEN. WALTER A. DeLAMATER,



Grand Master
Knights Templar of
the U.S.

"Naming the greatest player of all time is a fascinating sports controversy. I'm sure that Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner and Babe Ruth were the three greatest. I saw them all in their prime. Each had his specialty. Ruth was the home-run specialist. Cobb the most spectacular, Wagner the most consistent."

FRANK (BUCK) O'NEILL



New York Daily News
Sports writer

"The greatest of them all was Babe Ruth. He was one of the top left-handed pitchers, holding the record for World Series consecutive scoreless innings. He was a first baseman of talent, a great outfielder with a slegen arm and the greatest slugger of all time. He turned a game over in one stroke."

TY COBB, Monte Park, Calif.



"Not Babe Ruth, anyway. They've had all kinds of contests in New York in which Babe Ruth was named the greatest, but who was the first to be voted into the Baseball Hall of Fame? I'm too modest to say. The records are there. Much as I admired Babe, I can't name him as the greatest. I feared Lou Gehrig more than Ruth, who would strike out or hit one of his 40 or 60 home runs. The greatest home-run hitter, yes. That made him a terrific mental hazard to the opposition. Joe Jackson and Frenchy Lajoie were two of the greatest natural hitters I ever saw. Frenchy seldom struck out. With the rabbit ball he would have hit more, percentage-wise, than any man who ever played. Since you pin me down, I say Hans Wagner was the greatest. He could pitch, play a great outfield, burn up the base paths and hit with the greatest. And he never played with the rabbit ball to add to his home-run total. No one has ever been picked against Wagner as the greatest shortstop of all time. You can't name any other position in baseball where one player has had such a clear-cut edge over his rivals."

FRED CLARKE



Former player-manager
Pittsburgh Pirates

"Hans Wagner. I should know. I saw them all. Experts agree that Hans was the greatest of all shortstops. But he could also play the outfield as well as Ty Cobb and be could play any infield position better than the best of them. With the rabbit ball, he'd hit 60 home runs every season."

J. HOMER SANFORD, Forest Hills, N.Y.



Scientist

"Hans Wagner was the greatest. Ty Cobb was more spectacular. So was Babe Ruth. But no one could come up to bandy-legged Hans. He was a pro among pros. He looked awkward, but he was as fast as Cobb. Ed Barrow and John McGraw both named Wagner as the greatest. They saw them all."

DO YOU KNOW these important facts about oil additives?

Chemical additives, used by refiners, artificially give high detergency and great film strength to any motor oil. Modern high compression engines demand these qualities to reduce destructive engine "ping," prevent sticking hydraulic valve lifters and minimize wear.

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Sure, we use additives, too. But when they fade, the natural detergency and high film strength in Macmillan oil continue to protect your engine until your next oil change.

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glad
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But why are we standing here talking when you could be pointing a Corvette's low hood into a beautiful sweeping turn . . . and learning first-hand what *handling* can mean! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The way the Series feels • T shirts in Tea Land • Soccer vs. Groaner? • Fame's modest home at Rutgers • Some high and mighty trout • Bebop golf • Lively ball aids minors

BUTTERFLIES & OLD FRIENDS

INATE, the New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians have decreed that Marty Marion will not be a World Series manager in 1955. But the onetime Mr. Shortstop of the St. Louis Cardinals was in the Series four times as a ball player and he still remembers what that means.

"Playing in a World Series," he says, "is your greatest thrill in baseball—the highlight of your career and the one thing you battle for all year.

"There's a lot of glamor and glory attached to it but if you win, your first problem starts off after you get into the Series—with tickets. You know more people—old long-lost friends, relatives, cronies, schoolmates, acquaintances you haven't heard from in years. I don't see how a player gets to the park sometimes to play the game, he's so busy with requests for tickets.

"If he manages to lick that problem, which isn't easy, then the next thing he must overcome is the glamor of the World Series. Try to treat it like just another ball game—and most players do. Even so, you get butterflies in your stomach before the first pitch. Every play you make, every time you go to bat, everything you do, you feel like this: if I play real hard I'll be a goat and they'll write about me in baseball history for years to come. I was lucky. I was never the goat, but you feel the responsibility of trying to be a winner."

That was the way Shortstop Marion used to feel, and very likely the way 18 other fellows will feel next week.

CHALLENGE FROM CHINA

THE HAGGING FAUNCH, the creaking joint, the spreading seat and the pasting breath—all of them marks of our high culture—recently have come under global attack in Formosa, Denver, Washington and Germany. They are symptoms of a world-wide disease for which the Germans have a word: *unternehmenskrankheit*.

In this country *unternehmenskrankheit* ("executive sickness") has hit the Air Force with specially impressive severity. In the last few months three brigadier generals (and some lesser officers) have died of heart attacks. The

Air Force, therefore, has ordered its "chair-horne corps" of officers to exercise. In Denver, later this month, President Eisenhower will address a two-day conference on physical fitness for youth, aimed at giving the next generation at least a chance to forestall, by exercise, the fate of the older, wiser citizenry. And the German doctor who named the disease believes it can be alleviated with a very old pill—exercise—taken with plenty of sleep and moderation.

To the Chinese, who invented gunpowder and a number of other ideas, it will be no surprise to discover that

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

The New York Yankees dubbed their way to three straight over the sinking Boston Red Sox and—short of a Cleveland miracle this week—to an almost certain American League pennant.

Harvie Ward, good-looking young going Tarheel from Tarboro, N.C., low amateur in both the Masters and National Open, rounded out a brilliant season by winning the National Amateur at Richmond, 9 and 8.

Ronnie Knox, 1954's most celebrated non-playing football player (his switch from California to UCLA cost him a year's eligibility), made a sensational varsity debut by passing for all three UCLA touchdowns against Texas A&M, clearly established his No. 15 as a number to watch this season.

Lynn Waldorf's California team demonstrated next day that it could indeed have used Ronnie by losing to Pitt 27-7 in the week's leading intersectional game. Pitt,

with a new chancellor who candidly admits he likes winning football, is nursing a husky youth movement.

Swaps had his operation—a paring down of the hoof to remove his famous sore spot—and is now standing at ease in his California stall. Prognosis: he should be romping again in time for the winter season at Santa Anita.

California racing fans, meanwhile, fastened their attention on a 2-year-old hopeful: a big, strong colt named Bold Bazooka, who has already equaled the world record for 5½ furlongs (1:33 1/5) at Hollywood Park and may be shipped east for October's Garden State Futurity, richest horse race in the world (gross value: \$275,000). Bold Bazooka's happy owner: Comedian Lou Costello.

Sixty-three countries have signed up for the 1956 Olympics. The Russians will send a team of 400-450 athletes, about 100 more than they sent to Helsinki in 1952.

continued from page 9

they are out in front again. In the mid '30s, when the Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek was at its zenith on the mainland, bureaucrats kept in shape with tennis, basketball, soccer and an occasional exhibition of callisthenics in the gymnasium of Nanking's Central University. Then the Japanese took Nanking in 1937, Chiang was driven to Formosa and thereafter there was very little of organized exercise for the Nationalist Chinese.

The idea, however, did not die with the government's retreat to Formosa. Chiang is a most persistent man. Three years ago the Generalissimo suggested the reinstatement of his all-but-forgotten callisthenics program for civil employees—to keep them fit for the defense of Formosa and eventual return to the mainland. There was little enthusiasm for the suggestion. Last autumn Chiang revived it, with more pointed phrasing, and since January all but a few of his able-bodied public servants under 45 have been taking part in group callisthenics at the beginning or end of their working day. The other day Chiang beamed to see 7,653 of his civil workers, clad entirely in white—baseball caps, T-shirts, duck trousers, socks and sneakers—wind up a two-day track and field meet with 14 minutes of competitive bending and hopping by 3,000 of them. Winner: the Tainan County government. What county government in the U.S.A. can do hop-to-side straddles, bends and lunges, or even breathe deeply for 14 minutes?

CHOOSE SIDES?

IT IS now apparent that SI's Jimmy I. Jemal started something when he asked: "In a free-for-all between Rocky Marciano, heavyweight boxing champion, and Lou Thesz, wrestling champion, who would win?" Jimmy Jemal got Rocky's word for it that he would bat Lou's brains out—and Lou's word that he would beat Rocky or, by implication, any other fist fighter.

SI now has a deluge of mail from readers (see 19TH HOUR) and it is clear that the question stirs people to elemental positions. The Texas promoter, Morris P. Sigel, even wires in an offer to stage such a match. Ah, there, now! If you succeed, Mr. Sigel, expect us at ringside. But wouldn't it be a shame to shut off such a good philosophical discussion with something as blunt and final as a showdown?

A YOUNGSTER with an eye on posterity and a talent for the right sport gets a pretty good crack at immortality nowadays. As everyone knows, there is a Hall of Fame for baseball players at Cooperstown, a hall for tennis at Newport, for basketball at Springfield, Mass., for golf at Augusta, Ga., for soccer at Philadelphia. Not to be left in the lurch, football has a hall going for itself on the Rutgers campus at New Brunswick, N.J., and although its progress has been rather fitful it has already installed (up to the start of this season) 88 players and 39 coaches, making the venerable Cooperstown shrine with its mere 73 immortals look like a sleepy slowpoke. And the football hall is just getting into high gear: more than a score of names have been added to its honor roll this year.

The only trouble with the football Hall of Fame right now is that it doesn't have any hall. Just a couple of offices in New Brunswick where a staff of four works on big plans for the future. One of these plans, naturally enough, is a permanent hall, one that will cost something like \$500,000 and house plaques to the immortals, a museum of football mementos like historic balls and uniforms and a library full of football lore. That's the materialistic side of the enterprise.

On a loftier plane, the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame, as it is called, intends to do something for football as a game. "Our purpose is to defend, honor and preserve the game of amateur football," says Vice Admiral

John H. (Babe) Brown, a Hall of Famer himself who once played an All-America guard for Navy and now operates as president of the Foundation and Hall. "We hope to influence the thinking of educators and participants so that they will all realize the great values inherent in the game. It is a mobilization of the constructive forces of football. It is a cooperative effort manned by men with respect for facts who are determined to measure that which is good and see that it is better understood; to analyze that which is harmful and to do their part to wipe it out."

What mainly worries Babe Brown is that some college presidents and high school principals have been saying that football is getting too commercialized or too expensive or too rough, and since World War II a number of them have been lopping it off the curriculum. The Foundation hopes to reverse the trend by convincing inimical educators as well as the public that "the playing of well-supervised, highly competitive football by amateurs for pleasure and glory is of immeasurable value to the individuals participating and, through them, to the nation."

So the Foundation is out for members who will carry the torch. The nucleus of the membership is 52 directors: some of the better-known college coaches, sportswriters and broadcasters plus an impressive list of businessmen, many of them great players in their day. Heading the list as chairman is Chester LaRocha, once a star at Yale and now a big-time ad man in New York. In an attempt to define the kind of member it expects to enroll, a prospectus says: "Chances are, he played on his high school or college team for a year or two, reads the sports pages industriously and returns to watch his alma mater play a few games each year. Maybe he has no real connection with the game but just loves to watch it..." Already 75 of these fellows have signed up for the \$100 life memberships and another 3,000 are paying \$5 a year for charter memberships.

The income from the memberships is the only steady money the Foundation now has to pay its staff. However, every year the Honors Court—a group of 12 regional representatives—will name a new set of immortals. Framed scrolls will be presented in appropriate ceremonies at some home game of their former college, and the college will gratefully turn over a percentage of the gate for that day to the Foundation and Hall.

The first of some 20 of these "award



SPORTSE (CONT.)

Our sportstop wears a screw-on cap
With metal in every seam;
Oh, he's not afraid of getting beamed,
He's the sparkplug of the team.

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

games" scheduled for this fall was the California-Pitt game of last Saturday. If few of the 34,976 spectators at Pittsburgh ever heard of the day's honor man, he happened to be a man worth hearing about. His name was Robert Peck, and he made Walter Camp's All-America as center in 1915 and 1916, helping to break a virtual Ivy League and eastern monopoly of Camp's dream team up to that time.

Bob Peck never weighed more than 179, but he was a scrappy extrovert who liked to advise an opposing lineman: "Fellow, this time we're going right through you for 30 yards." He called it more often than not. In practice sessions at Forbes Field, he liked to face the empty stands and declaim: "Fellows, tomorrow 60,000 eyes will be on Peck!"

Bob Peck became football coach of Culver Military Academy after graduation and 11 members of the first team he coached there were on hand for the ceremonies honoring him between halves of the California game. Peck himself was not there. He died in 1932 as he played a round of golf.

If he had been there, he would have enjoyed himself. Peck was getting his due and so was Pitt. California took a 27-7 beating.

bubble job down to pick them up.

Fifteen minutes later Robinson had been lifted over a 12,000-foot ridge and lowered gently to a 20-foot ledge of rock beside the lake. By 9 a.m. the



whole party, their sleeping bags and fishing gear and three pup tents had been delivered; they had eaten a breakfast of bacon, eggs and coffee and were fishing. When they walked out Sunday afternoon, they had 62 trout. Not one weighed less than a pound. Their expenses, they were delighted to discover, ran \$29 a man—compared to the \$50 or so which they would have paid if they had used a pack string to labor up the trail.

DERRING-DO IN DALLAS

AT LAKEWOOD COUNTRY CLUB in Dallas, the fairways are long and narrow, the traps are cunning and deep, the greens are tricky and mean.

In short, Lakewood is a fair enough test of golf to have been the scene of a number of major tournaments and to provide the weekend golfer who breaks a hundred with sufficient spring to his step and joy in his heart to last until the following Saturday.

Which is all the more reason why a hush suddenly falls over Lakewood's clubhouse when a lanky, loose-jointed youngster enters.

It's not just the fact that Lee Jordan, at 18, is almost six feet, two inches tall, weighs only one hundred and forty pounds—and still can belt that little ball down the middle and far away.

Or that he shoots Lakewood consistently in the middle 70s.

Lee Jordan does it with a putter.

From tee to tee, from trap to trap, he uses nothing but a putter.

Lee's drives average 200 to 220 yards. His fairway shots are long and true, his chipping is adequate and his putting (clearly a redundancy) is superb. Obviously, a lad of these talents has no need to load himself down with needless bric-a-brac or hire a caddy. While the rest of his foursome debates whether to back with a three-iron or a

continued on next page

SKYHOOK

BONANZAS of big trout are few and far between in the era of concrete highways and hatchery-raised fish; their hiding places are almost as hard to discover and as hard to reach as the untapped gold pockets of the Yukon. Colorado's Cherry Lake is a good example. It is an oblong of deep blue water which nestles under the peaks at 11,000 feet in the high Rockies southeast of Salida. It is inhabited by a fighting breed of big cutthroat trout. But reaching it from Denver during even a three-day weekend is difficult; a fishing party needs jeeps to reach 7,800 feet, a pack train to get up the sheer mountain walls to the lake.

But fishermen, like prospectors, develop a feverish talent for logistics when contemplating the possibility of hitting it rich in the wilderness. The Forest Service refuses to allow float planes on small lakes at high altitude, but a Denver masonry contractor named Dean Robinson was struck by an even better idea. He telephoned Denver's newly organized Young Helicopter Service. At dawn on Friday, Robinson and ten friends were at the end of a road at 7,800 feet, watching Pilot Frank Horn easing a Bell



"I'd like something to cheer up a Cleveland fan"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 11

four-wood, Lee stands by with his entire assortment of weapons—his putter—balanced lightly on his shoulder.

Before the Jordan family moved to Dallas from Kansas City about three months ago, Lee explains, he tried a round of one-club golf as a gag, shot in the middle 80s and has been improving ever since.

"The driving and the putting are no sweat," he says modestly, "but sometimes I have trouble gauging my chip shots."

That's what he calls it. Trouble.

INQUEST VERDICT

AFTER the Don Cockell-Rocky Marciano fight many a British sports-writer encouraged the folks at home to believe that Cockell was a fighter of competence who had been ruthlessly jobbed out of the world heavyweight championship. After Cockell met seventh-ranked Nino Valdes in London and was unable to come out for the fourth round, British boxing experts understated it this way:

"We must write off Don Cockell as a future contender for world title honors."—Tom Phillips, *Daily Herald*.

"This fight at the White City ended any ideas that Cockell can figure again among boxers of real world class."—Steve Fagan, *Daily Sketch*.

MINOR RENAISSANCE

IT is widely conceded that baseball's minor leagues have been permanently spavined and that their most frantic efforts can do no more than put off an inevitable rendezvous at the glue factory. But the state of baseball in the Pacific Northwest, an area where the game has had its tribulations, would suggest that there is more life in the old carcass than anyone had imagined. Since last spring, in fact, a lot of Northwest clubs have been so involved in highly competitive baseball that they have forgotten all about being sick.

By actively recruiting up-and-coming youngsters, the new Class B Northwest League (which has sprung up from the ruins of the Western International League in Washington, Oregon and Idaho) has not only drawn spectators but big-league scouts to its parks. The new order is probably best exemplified by the Eugene (Ore.) Emeralds. Baseball flopped terribly in Eugene (a college and lumbering town of 35,000) in 1950 and 1951. It was rescued by 28 well-to-

do Eugene businessmen. They bought the Emeralds, remodeled the baseball park, sternly resolved to plow back profits and successfully shopped the big leagues for young players in need of development. This summer the Emeralds not only played winning baseball (they won the second half of the league's divided pennant race) but drew \$4,000 paying customers, paid all their bills and had a profit of \$4,500.

The northern end of the Pacific Coast League showed similar signs of renewed health. The Portland (Ore.) Beavers were purchased by their fans early this year, raised their attendance from 135,000 to 200,000 despite 15 rainouts, contracted to play in city-owned Multnomah Stadium, and then got \$300,000 (to be spent for new ballplayers) by selling the decrepit park in which the team had been incarcerated for 55 years. Vancouver, British Columbia, a town almost as baseball-hungry as Milwaukee, gave sanctuary to the dispirited Oakland Oaks (who lost \$300,000 in the last three years) and seemed hardly able to wait for baseball to begin next year.

Meanwhile the Seattle Rainiers won the Pacific Coast League pennant (by three games in a nerve-racking finish), outdraw all other Coast clubs with 342,000 customers (despite the fact that California teams have access to much bigger centers of population) and made a profit of \$40,000 after taking heavy

losses for three years. The Rainiers, owned by Millionaire Brewer Emil Sick, have an excellent modern ball park, and they were not above promotion stunts—\$100,000 was offered to the player who could hit one through a baseball-sized hole in the centerfield fence, and a lucky woman got a mink stole on the final ladies' night. But they had the same park and tried similar stunts last year and often sold only a few hundred tickets.

The real difference was simply baseball. Last year the Rainiers finished last. This year under the guidance of ex-Detroit Manager Fred Hutchinson—who is remembered as a boy wonder who won 25 games for Seattle at the age of 19—the Rainiers limped their way to victory in a thrilling race. They hired a photographer to rush news pictures of their diamond feats to the local newspapers, televised every home game to keep themselves in the public eye and packed their ball park repeatedly. When the season ended, Seattle's venerable Sports Columnist Royal Brougham could not resist giving some free editorial advice to the owners of California clubs: they ought, he suggested, to quit trying to get big-league franchises and recognize the business opportunities at hand. "It's no wonder your parks have been as empty as haunted houses. . . . Let's forget the big leagues and sell our own baseball to our own fans."

SPECTACLE

SERIES OF HEROES

The blood quickens and the step becomes brisk. It's more than the winy air of fall. Next week is the World Series!

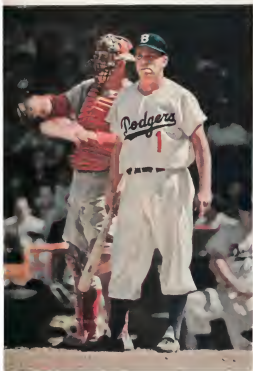
Nothing so becomes baseball as the World Series, when champion meets champion and there are no ordinary plays—everything verges on either heroism or tragedy. The National League champions, the Brooklyn Dodgers, are well stocked with heroes—six of whom are pictured in the color photographs on succeeding pages. For instance, huge Don Newcombe (*opposite*), who is almost certain to be on the mound for Brooklyn when the first game gets under way next Wednesday, was a 20-game winner this season and one of baseball's most impressive figures. To see how Newcombe and the Dodgers compare with their Series rivals, the New York Yankees, turn to page 17 for SI's annual *World Series Preview*. Detailed scouting reports provide professional information on the strengths and weaknesses of pitchers and hitters. *Preview* is designed to help you follow the Series, whether there in person or watching on TV.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RY PERKEN



Gil Hodges, as always a brilliant fielder at first base, proved once again to be even more valuable as a batter, is becoming one of all-time tenders in home runs and runs-batted-in

Captain Pee Wee Reese, shortstop and team player nonpareil, had fine year, here looks to Manager Walt Alston for signal to hit or take



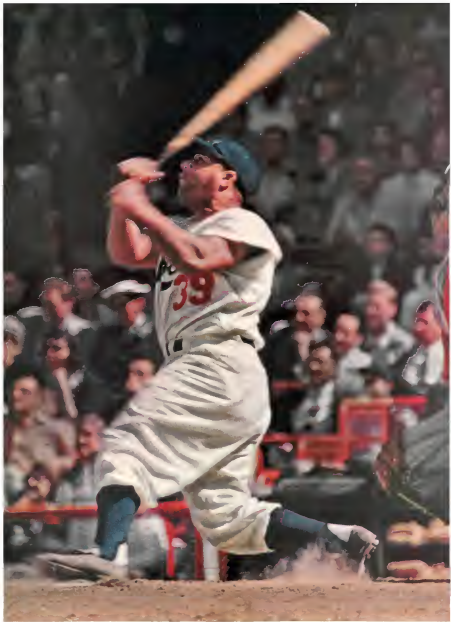
Jackie Robinson was older and didn't play as much. But occasionally—as here, kicking up puffs of dust as he takes daring long lead off third base—he was brilliant Jack of past





Handsome, graying Duke Snider is at 29 the youngest of the "old" Dodgers who have made Brooklyn the league's dominant team for the past seven seasons. His great hitting early this year was a big factor in record Dodger surge





Chunky Ray Campanella puts power from massive thighs and bulging arms into every swing, was key man in Dodger attack

PREVIEW: THE WORLD SERIES

THIS YEAR THE DODGERS?

by **ROBERT CREAMER**
and **ROY TERRELL**

Seven times has Brooklyn played in the World Series. Seven times has Brooklyn lost. This year they try again, and this time, they say, things may be different

WHEN the New York Yankees swept through the Boston Red Sox for three straight last weekend—while Cleveland was losing three bitter ones in a row to Detroit—it was no longer presumptuous to expect that the World Series will get under way next week in an old familiar setting—Yankee Stadium. Any other outcome now will deserve to be known as the Cleveland Miracle of 1955. Barring the miracle, the World Series drama will match those classic antagonists, the Brooklyn Dodgers (who have never won a Series) against the Yankees of Casey Stengel (who have never lost one).

This is the year—Dodgerdom tells itself—when the old drama is due for a different ending.

For one thing, the Dodgers have been having trouble lately, and this is considered a good omen in Brooklyn. In the meaningless games played since the pennant was clinched in Milwaukee on September 8, the Dodgers have looked awful, playing listlessly and losing games like an eighth-place club. Dissension has raised its rousing head (Jack Robinson again, arguing that he should be playing and not sitting on the bench). And Walter Alston, the quiet, even-tempered manager, has begun to snap

proved, of course, but most baseball men feel that the National League's second division, for example, is decidedly superior to its counterpart in the American League.)

In this strong league the Dodgers were first in scoring runs and first in preventing them. In other words, they had the best offense and the best defense, a sure-fire formula for success in almost any sport.

The Dodgers hit more than 200 home runs, the third team in major league history to exceed 200. They also led the league in stolen bases. Needless to say, it is unusual to find in baseball a team that combines overwhelming power with overwhelming speed, but the Dodgers have had this reputation for muscular shoulders and light feet for years. It is their pitching that has been their Achilles heel. In the spring it was felt that Dodger speed and power could not offset the runs that Dodger pitching would let in. And now, in September, after a season in which Dodger starters like Newcombe, Erskine, Loes, Podres and Meyer all suffered from debilitating ailments at one time or another, isn't it a fact that Dodger pitching this year, as always, was precariously weak?

Not so. Charley Dressen, the old Brooklyn manager now

with the Washington Senators, said flatly a few weeks ago, "They got the best pitching in the league." There was laughter directed at old Charley. But the facts back him up.

Brooklyn pitching this year was the best in the National League. The staff had the lowest earned-run average, it led in strikeouts and, while it completed less than a third of its games, this was still as good as the pitching-rich Giants of 1954 could do.

Where was the pitching strength centered, if everybody was hurt or slumping? Well, for one thing, it wasn't centered. It was spread around. Ed Roebuck, helpless later, was a great relief pitcher early in the year. Clem Labine did little relieving early but has been best in the league since July 27. Don Newcombe, the bell cow, did almost

continued on next page

ABOUT THE SERIES

WHERE AND WHEN: First game next Wednesday, Sept. 28; succeeding games each day thereafter until one team wins four and world's championship. First two games scheduled to be played in Yankee Stadium, next three in Ebbets Field, final two back in the stadium. Weekday games at 1 p.m. EDT, Sunday game at 2:05.

RADIO AND TV: NBC-TV and Mutual radio will broadcast games daily to more than 100 million Americans. Broadcasts will also be beamed to Alaska, Latin America, Asia, Africa, Europe (including Soviet Union).

TICKETS AND RECEIPTS: Tickets \$2.10 (bleachers), \$4.50 (standing room), \$7.35 (all grandstand), \$10.50 (boxes). Players share in receipts from first four games only. Players on team winning Series expect \$9,000 each, losers \$6,000.

More practically, the Dodger diard points to Brooklyn's pitching, Brooklyn's hitting, Brooklyn's fielding and Brooklyn's speed. He backs up his lecture with some hard and often surprising figures, and he points out that the figures were achieved in a strong league, a much better league than the American. (This cannot be

THE PITCHERS



OGN NEWCOMBE (No. 36), Right-hander

Club's big winner. Had slow start and wobbly finish but in between was best pitcher in National League. If he's really, he'll be tough. Has tight control and two "big" pitches—a fast ball that takes off and a slider that breaks down. Will use either in tight spot but look for slider in double-play setup. A ninth hitter in the lineup.



CARL ERSKINE (No. 37), Right-hander

Holds one-game World Series strikeout record of 14, is tough under pressure. Has been bothered this year by bad elbow, pitched only half a dozen complete games. Looking better now, he'll show you one of best curves in business; uses it constantly along with changeup and in tough spot you can expect one or the other.

OGN BENNETT was called up from St. Paul to help patch up aching staff in midseason. Won eight straight and has continued to do fine job for a rookie. Has excellent control and fast ball which is always over the plate and always moving. **SANDY ROEBUCK**, 19-year-old home rookie, spent most of season on bench. Finally got chance to work and



BELLY LOES (No. 30), Right-hander

Erratic temperament but very good equipment. Has also been bothered with arm trouble but looks okay now. Primarily a fast-ball pitcher with fine control but his curve ranks almost with Eskin's and is very quick; he likes to use it with men on base. Mixes in changeup effectively. Has 1-1 World Series record.



JOHNNY POORES (No. 45), Left-hander

Expected to be one of team's "big four" but an even worse sore arm victim this year than Erskine or Loes. Tremendous natural stuff; his fast ball is very lively and he throws hard. Doesn't pace himself, tends to tire in the late innings. Not used as pinch-hitter but ranks almost with Newcombe at the plate.

struck out 11 in second start, highest in league this season. A left-hander, he's very fast but has trouble with control. Could be surprise starter. **ROCK CRIGG** came up with Bennett, has been used mostly in relief. Lacks experience and isn't too swift but has good curve ball and throws with easy-lame motion. — **ED ROEBUCK**, was star reliever

THE HITTERS



JUNIOR GILLIAM, 2B-LF (No. 15), Bats L-R

Having had year at plate but can do a lot of things to hurt you. Best bunter on team next to Reese, has good speed, runs bases well and will steal. Has home-run power in Ebbets Field. His curve and changeup well; pitch these outside to set him up, then come into circle zone with fast ball. Don't give him a curve ball to hit.



PEE WEE REESE, SS (No. 13), Bats R

A real old pro—there's nothing he doesn't do well. Has power for a little man, gets good jump on the bases and competitive spirit is shown by Series record: played in five, led team at bat in three of them. His power is a high fast ball; pitch him curves breaking down and use change-up. Pitch to him carefully in clutch.



GUYE SNIER, CF (No. 4), Bats L

League leader in RBIs, has over 40 home runs. Holds record for total bases (24) and tied for most home runs (4) in single Series. Very dangerous in Ebbets Field where he can reach the seats even on high outside pitch. Free swinger but hard to fool, pitch him high and tight or curve breaking down. Essentially low-ball hitter.

SANDY AMOROS opened season in left, but fell until sidelined by thigh injury which still bothers him. Better status is doubtful. Has both high and low pitches with surprising power from left side; hits breaking stuff down, come inside occasionally to keep him honest. . .



ROY CAMPANELLA, C (No. 35), Bats R

Probably baseball's best catcher with no defensive weakness. Key man on ball club. Has great power (over 100 RBIs) and leads team in hitting for the season. Particularly tough at Ebbets Field in previous Series. Keep ball away from him, out on corners and mix 'em up. He seldom chases a bad pitch and flies high ball he can pull.



GIL HODGES, 1B (No. 14), Bats R

Was anemic hitter in first three World Series, a very good one in 1953. Has apparently lost some of ability to pull but is still one of team's big sluggers (over 100 RBIs for seventh straight year and nearly 30 home runs). His power is on the inside, particularly up high; pitch away from him. Curve him, don't use changeup.



CARL FURILLO, RF (No. 6), Bats R

Always a terrific late-season hitter, now up among leaders after mid-year slump. Has good power. No problem on bases but a great finisher. Twice hit over .300 in four World Series. Good high-ball hitter; pitch him inside and below wrist. Mix up pitches; he hits the curve well but has a tendency to chase it on the outside.

FRANK KELLERT will play first if Hodges is hurt or goes to outfield, will pinch-hit. Up around .370 all year but has less than 100 at bats, good right-handed power. **OGN NEWCOMBE** most dangerous hitting pitcher in baseball, has great power but won't home runs for league record; will

THE DEFENSE

This is a good fielding ball club with only a few weaknesses. Gilliam and Zimmerman are both slow on double-play pivot, Gilliam sometimes has trouble on routine ground balls and Zimmerman lacks experience. In left field, Amoros has weak arm and doesn't get good jump on ball, other three used out there—Robinson, Gilliam and Hodges—are all infielders. Otherwise, they're solid. **CAMPANELLA** does everything a

catcher is supposed to do the best you'll see stepping pitches in the dirt, death on pop flies, good arm. **SNIER** is an artist at first base and death on the sacrifice bunt; Reese, after 16 years, can still do everything at shortstop; Hank and Robinson are both good third basemen and make all the plays. Don't try to run on **SNIER** or **FURILLO**—both have great arms and Snider catches anything hit to center.

ON THE BASES

Good team speed and they like to run. However, only Reese, Gilliam, Robinson and Hook will steal. Reese is one of the best; although not lightning fast he has good reactions and gets big jump on the pitcher. **NOAK** fastest man on team and very quick, he's liable to go anytime.

GILLIAM ranks next in speed while Robinson, although older and heavier, is still daring and you have to watch him. **SNIER** is fast and will take the extra base. Hodges and Zimmerman will take fewer chances. Campanella, Furillo, Amoros are less dangerous.



KARL SPOONER (No. 46), Left-hander

Unable to throw hard most of year after spring training injury, now appears back to class shown in 1954 double shutout debut. Deceptively smooth motion masks terrific speed when he's right; some National Leaguers say he's faster than Score or Turley. Sticks mostly to fast ball. Doesn't hit often but has power.



CLEM LABINE (No. 45), Right-hander

Has appeared in more games than any other pitcher on staff and, since midseason, has been No. 1 reliever. Did great job keeping Dodgers winning after Roebuck lost his stuff. Throws fast ball that sinks sharply and has good curve which he'll use with men on base in double-play situation. Beaten twice in '53 Series.

of early-season drive, then lost his touch and has been hit hard since midseason. Throws some curve but his pitch is a sinker. **RUSK NEYER** was used only in spots during year, mostly against the Cubs, missed part of season with broken collarbone. No longer has his old speed and relies primarily on big, sweeping curve ball.



JACKIE ROBINSON, 3B-LF (No. 42), Both R

Older, slower, still the kind of player who can be tough in a short series. Played four different positions in four World Series. No longer a big threat on bases but will probably worry young pitchers. Can either pull with power or hit to opposite field. Likes the outside pitch so work him inside, using changeup.



DON ZIMMER, 3B (No. 23), Both R

Will probably start at second. Has a low average but he's a streak hitter who can get very, very hot. This is his first Series. Lots of power for a little man, fast on bases, hustles hard. Not too sure on defense but tries for everything; has strong arm. Good high-ball hitter; pitch him down and outside and move ball around.



DON HOAK, 3B (No. 43), Both R

Only regular who isn't constant home-run threat but he's got just about everything else. Very fast with good reactions on base, makes all the plays at third; fine arm. Likes to hit to opposite field if given outside pitch; work on him inside and low. With men on base, throw changeup; he'll hit it on ground.

probably pinch-hit, won't chase bad pitches. . . **GEORGE SHUBA** bats left, is a good low-ball hitter and likes the fast ball, hit pinch homer in '53. . . **AL WALKER** and **OLIE HOWELL** almost sure to sit this one out unless Campanella is hurt; Walker may pinch-hit.

THE BOARD OF STRATEGY



MANAGER WALTER ALTON is soft-spoken, but he runs the ball club. Criticized for ultraconservative tactics last year, this year kept his fast-stepping power hitters on toes with bunt, steal, hit-and-run. Alton usually coaches at third, is a gambler, sends runner in on close plays. Veteran **JACK O'LEARY** coaches at first, but former Pirate Manager **BILLY HERMAN** is Alton's first lieutenant. Onetime Cleveland Catcher **JOE BICKER** handles pitchers.

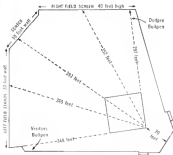
nothing in the first great rush and almost nothing after August 1, but in between he was magnificent. Rookies (like Don Bessent and Roger Craig, who came up from the minors in July to win everything in sight and stop a panic, and Karl Spooner and Sandy Koufax and Roebuck) have won over 25 games among them.

Dodger hitting was more consistent. Roy Campanella, the most valuable Dodger, has hit well over .300 all year. Gil Hodges and Pee Wee Reese have been at a level, helpful .280. Duke Snider and Carl Furillo were erratic but brilliant in their peak periods (Snider hit 23 homers and batted in 62 runs in June and July). Newcombe the pitcher became a near legend at the plate, with his seven home runs and his near .400 batting average.

But for all the awesome deeds of these, the one player the Dodger fan turns to at World Series all by himself is the aging, aching, tiring, still crabby and competitive Jackie Robinson. He's hitting only .250 after six straight years over .300. It is by all odds his worst season and probably his last. But Robinson is still all ballplayer, all fire and victory. When the Dodgers late in August frittered away a good part of their lead and specters of the 1951 collapse rose in the dugout, it was Robinson who said, "I'll shake them up. If I get on base I'll shake up this team."

He got on base. He shook them up. Heavy, gray and creaking, he stole a base against the Reds. Next day he stole two more. Next day he was out trying to steal home against the Cards. Day after that, he daringly, audaciously, contemptuously tried stealing home again—and this time he made it. During those four games he twice drew wild pick-off throws to first and raced around to third before the errant throw could be recovered. The Dodgers were "shook up." They promptly ran off a winning streak that didn't stop until the pennant was won.

continued on next page



BROOKLYN'S EBBETS FIELD is smallest ball park in area in major leagues, is heaven for home-run hitters.

THE PITCHERS

**WHITEY FORD** (No. 16), Left-Hander

Had brilliant early season, wobbled through July and August, now looking great; good bet to pitch opening game. Control is his only problem; when he has it he's very tough. Good fast ball, curve, and slider. Played in 1959 and 1973 World Series, has 1-1 record. Fair hitter for a pitcher; fields position well.

**TOMMY BYRNE** (No. 23), Left-Hander

Once wildest pitcher in baseball, made amazing comeback last year at Seattle to get another crack at majors; has had really outstanding year. Slider his leg pitch, blends it well with fast ball and curve. Control no longer problem. One of best hitting pitchers in either league, sometimes bats eighth.

JOHNNY RUCKS, young right-hander with good curve, earned job as starter in early season, faded to last, now rides bench. His lack of experience (one previous year in organized ball with Norfolk of Class B Piedmont League) is typical of weak Yankee bullpen which includes

**BOB TURLEY** (No. 35), Right-Hander

Like Ford, had shining start, wobbled midseason, strong finish. Big, powerful, hard thrower; fast ball ranks with Score's and Nardesh's as best in American League. Has over 290 strikeouts. Curve improving but still weak; needs another pitch. Big problem is control; wait him out, wait for curve.

**DON LARSEN** (No. 18), Right-Hander

Recalled from Denver in mid-season, has been great help to sub-par pitching staff. His first World Series. Another big fast-baller who likes to overpower the batter, breaking stuff improving but still the pitch to hit. Now developing change of pace. Won't tire but may blow up. Good hitter for a pitcher.

four rookies. **TOM STURDIVANT**, another right-hander, was only one of the four on roster before spring training, has shown good sinker and control, is a battler. **Left-hander BOB WISLER** had unimpressive season with Kansas City and Toronto last year, earned chance in

THE HITTERS

**MICKEY MANTLE**, CF (No. 7), Bats L-R

League's leading home-run hitter but will also hunt for hit. Switch-hitter. Great speed on bases, terrific range in field, strong arm. Hit bases-loaded home run in 1953 Series. Pulled leg muscle last week, may be slowed down. Pitch him fast balls high, slip in occasional curve and change of pace but be careful.

**YOGI BERRA**, C (No. 25), Bats L

Best late-inning hitter in baseball; ranks with Campanella as catcher. This is seventh World Series, his 429 in 1953, his first pinch homer in Series history in '47. Pulls everything with power; pitch him high and tight, save fast ball on outside for tight situation in late innings — it will work only once.

**GIL McDOUGALD**, 2B-3B (No. 32), Bats R

One of best fast-ball hitters in league; never throw him fast ball over plate. Mix in curve, changeup, move ball around. Fine defensive outfielder at either position, has good speed, runs bases well, will hunt and steal. Fair power. Along with Mantle, one of four players to hit grand-slam homer in Series.

BILLY MARTIN was great performer in two World Series (1952-53) but may have to miss this one unless Army fatigue extended. If available, will certainly play second. Lacks power but pesky right-hand hitter, produces in clutch. **ANDY CAREY** was regular until Martin returned and moved McDougald over to third. Doesn't pull power

**HANK BAUER**, RF (No. 3), Bats R

Best hitter on team since end of August; before this year played only against left-handers, will now stay in all the way. Has power and speed, hits fast ball hard, is often fooled by curve. Right-handers can scare him. Runs bases well, will steal. Superb outfielder with very strong arm; don't try to run on him.

**JOE COLLINS**, 1B (No. 13), Bats L

Another member of left-handed-hitting, sick-fielding platoon, real virtuoso with glove around first base. Lowest season batting average of any Yankee regular but one of most dangerous in clutch; his two home runs in one game several times during year. Death on low balls; pitch him high, mix 'em up.

**IRV NOREN**, LF (No. 28), Bats L

Fine defensive outfielder with good arm, good speed; will play against right-handers and in late innings as defensive move. May also be used in center if leg continues to bother Mantle. Hits fast ball with fair power; slow up on him, keep curve sinking. His .360 in 1952 Series, pinch-hit in '53.

only fair but hits sharply from right side, good stuff down low and away will get him out. Fine defensive infielder. Third year with Yankees but first World Series. **Left-hander BOB ROBINSON** (bats left), **BOB CERV** (bats right), two big power hitters who will pinch-hit, may see some action in field. Robinson fair glove man at first; Cerv is slow and has

THE DEFENSE

Probably most solid defensive team in baseball, in a year in which their pitching has been weak and hitting erratic, good fielding has kept them in race. **BERRA** is good target, handles pitchers well, has strong arm and is very quick behind plate. **COLLINS** is suggestive first baseman, **ROBINSON** and **SKOSON** both adequate. **McDOUGALD** has good hands, covers ground, makes the throw from either second or

ON THE BASES

Team has outstanding over-all speed but can't steal like Dodgers or White Sox, prefers to play for big inning. No one, however, will run bases better. **REZZUTO** is one of best, gets biggest jump on pitcher of anyone in either league. **Bauer**, **Mantle**, **McDougald**, **Noren**, **Martin**

and **Cerv** steal occasionally, must be watched, will always take extra base. **MANTLE** has most speed, hasn't yet learned to get big jump. **BAUER** is more daring, runs bases viciously. **Collins**, **Berra** and rest will hustle but are less dangerous.

and **Cerv** steal occasionally, must be watched, will always take extra base. **MANTLE** has most speed, hasn't yet learned to get big jump. **BAUER** is more daring, runs bases viciously. **Collins**, **Berra** and rest will hustle but are less dangerous.

TARHEEL TRIUMPH IN THE

DRAWINGS BY TONY BAYELLE



HOLE	YARDAGE	PAR	HOLE	YARDAGE	PAR
1	424	4	10	487	4
2	415	4	11	412	4
3	434	4	12	473	4
4	167	3	13	323	4
5	382	4	14	389	3
6	449	4	15	325	4
7	388	4	16	524	5
8	212	3	17	215	3
9	534	5	18	460	4
OUT	3,405	35	IN	3,308	35
TOTALS				6,713	70

OLD DOMINION

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE COUNTRY CLUB OF VIRGINIA

JAMES RIVER COURSE

North Carolina's Harvie Ward took Richmond last week—and the 55th National Amateur Golf Championship—with an elegant demonstration of competitive play. And he plans to be an amateur a long, long time

WITH the exception of the Army-Navy Country Club in Washington, D.C., whose membership is legion, the Country Club of Virginia, on the outskirts of Richmond, is perhaps the largest of the species in the United States. At the moment it has a membership of something over 4,100. If all of these members were golfers, the club would need a dozen or so courses to take care of them but, as it is, some live on the tennis courts, others on the edge of the swimming pool and a great many regard the club primarily as a social headquarters. About 800 of the members, however, do play golf, and so the club maintains two courses. One 18 hole layout, the original course built in 1910, is routed over the hilly land below the elongated, red-brick-and-white-columned southern colonial clubhouse. The second 18, built in 1928 to take care of the overflow, is situated about six miles away on the site of the old Dietrich plantation, a lovely stretch of golf terrain that tumbles down a soft slope toward the James River. In the distance, on the opposite bank, stands what was once the Belton Arsenal, the famous Confederate ammunition depot which was the goal of more than one Union foray during the Civil War.

This second layout, which is called, as you might guess, the James River course, was the scene last week of the 55th National Amateur Championship. In a setting of such regional flavor it was more than appropriate that the winner should be Harvie Ward, the first golfer from the Deep South to win the Amateur since Bob Jones did it for his fifth and last time precisely 25 Septembers ago. Harvie, 29 now and making his ninth bid for the title, is currently a resident of San Francisco but in all essential ways he is the boy from Tarboro, North Carolina, a town of about 9,000 people in the heart of the tobacco country where he grew up and played his first golf and where his father runs a drugstore in whose front window the British Amateur trophy

was proudly displayed when his son won it back in 1952. From that victory on, his first in a major championship, Harvie's performances have marked him as the best amateur golfer in the world. Accordingly, his emergence last week as our new Amateur champion was a gratifying one for golf fans everywhere. After a somewhat shaky start, Harvie played beautiful golf in match after match and was at the very top of his form in the final, in which, seven strokes under even fours for the duration of the match, he defeated William Hyndman III of Philadelphia by the score of 9 and 8.

From start to finish, the 55th Amateur was a much better than average Amateur. One of the chief contributory reasons was the quality of the course, as sturdy and provocative a test of golf as the championship has provided in quite a number of years. As the accompanying map illustrates, the James River course has a nice pace to it—outgoing nine requiring plenty of length, the incoming nine putting the premium on control for the first six holes and concluding with three anything-but-routine holes on which each player, if he happens to be down, has a chance to get back in the ball game. In midsummer the course was hit and hit hard by the hurricanes, but a first-class tournament committee headed by Richmond Gray—who, as if the Richmond and the Gray (as opposed to Blue) were not sufficient, goes by the nickname of "Dixie"—dug in assiduously. By the week of the Amateur, everything was in pecan-pie order. The Bermuda fairways were in great shape. The Bermuda rough was everything that could be demanded by Joseph C. Dey of the USGA, "The Father of the American Rough." With one or two exceptions, the bent-grass greens began to take on body (and good grass) just in the nick of time, and I swear, uh, that you never would have guessed that, scarcely a month beforehand, Miss Connie and Miss Diane had been

continued on next page



TARHEEL TRIUMPHS IN THE OLD DOMINION

continued from page 24

out in their full destructive force.

As everybody knows who has attended a protracted match-play tournament like the National Amateur, the long, long week of eight rounds of golf generally breaks down into three distinct patterns. First of all, since just about everyone who qualifies for the Amateur is capable of beating anyone else in the field on any given day, there are the upsets. This year four "names" were eliminated in the very first round: Billy Joe Patton, Don Bisplinghoff, Dick Chapman and Charley Coe. Then four more went in the second: Doug Sanders, Bruce Cudd, Frank Strafaci and Bob Sweeney (as well as Robert Sterling of the movies and television, who got in as an alternate from the New York area and played creditably for all his nervousness). In the third round four more experienced players who might well have gone further made their exodus: Frank Souchak (the older brother of Mike), Ted Bishop, Bill Campbell and Jimmy Jackson. Rex Baxter went out in the next round, the fourth, and so did Willie Turnesa. Before leaving, Turnesa gave an exhibition of trap play that reminded any of us who might have forgotten that no amateur—and few pros—has ever achieved his mastery with the wedge. As long as Willie kept off the fairway he was never in trouble.

EXTRA-HOLE MATCHES

Of all this gang who left the party early, the departure of Patton undoubtedly hurt the tournament most, for he and his fellow North Carolinian, Ward, have a colossal hold on the affection and admiration, not to mention the ticket-purchasing predilections, of southern golf fans. Opposing George McCallister, Billy Joe was two down and two to play. After taking both the 17th and 18th with a typical demonstration of his ability to function in almost impossible situations, he halved the first three extra holes in pars, and on the 22nd green the match that had once seemed irretrievably lost was right in his hands. He needed only to hole a three-footer. He missed it, and on the next green he missed one foot shorter, and that was it for Billy Joe.

The next day, playing his first match after a bye in the first round, Ward was within one good whiff of extinction. One down and one to play against Ray Palmer, Harvie took the 18th with a regulation par when Palmer mis-hit his drive and his chip. On the

first extra hole Ward was in serious trouble again. He was on in two, about 25 feet from the cup, but Palmer's approach put him really in birdie range, just eight feet above the hole. Ward had scarcely struck his putt when he did the most extraordinary thing. He leaped joyfully into the air, an activity that usually follows instead of precedes the holing of a long critical putt. Sure enough, the ball rolled smack into the cup, and when Palmer missed his short downhill, Ward was safely through. "If Harvie had been eliminated right on the heels of Billy Joe," a member of the club sighed with relief that evening, "we'd have lost both of our star attractions. To get the crowds here the rest of the week, we'd probably have had to set off fireworks."

The second of the patterns found in every Amateur is the reverse side of the coin from the expulsion of the favorites: the hardy survival of golfers whose names mean nothing to you unless you come from their districts. Arthur P. Butler? Who is he? You learn that he is a fellow from New Hampshire who has defeated three Virginians in a row and has been dubbed "Ulysses S. Butler" by a Boston sportswriter. Okay. Now who is this Waryan fellow from St. Paul who put out Ted Bishop? "Oh, I thought his name was W. A. Ryan," exclaims another Boston writer—a demonstration of how environment conditions mankind. Who is this fellow John Miles who's playing Hillman Robbins in the fifth or do-I-get-to-qualify-for-an-invitation-to-the-Masters round? That one you know. He's an advertising salesman for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Billy Booe, who defeated W. A. Ryan? That's an easier one, too. He's the squat fellow who, about seven years ago when Yale had good football teams, used to trot out on to the field and place-kick the extra point with a deftness and regularity that wasn't Ivy League standard at all. Of all the new young faces—and 44 of the 200 starters were under 23, including a 15-year-old who was helpfully listed in the program as "single"—Joe Campbell of Anderson, Ind., appeared to be the best bet for marking down in your golf futures book. A towheaded youngster of 19 whose taste in clothes runs to such "outdoor George Raft" combinations as pink shirt, black slacks, pink-and-black socks and pink-and-black shoes, Joe this year won the National

Intercollegiate, the Indiana Junior, the Indiana Amateur and the Indiana Open. He has a sound swing, a flair for putting, poise and a real will to win. In his match with Bill Hyndman in the quarter-finals (which Campbell eventually lost two down), Hyndman, standing 1 up as they came to the 18th, found he had run out of tees. He asked Campbell if he could borrow one. "Glad to," Campbell smiled, "and I hope you have to borrow another."

The third pattern that annually emerges is briefly this: for all of the inebriate flurry of the first four days, by the morning of the semifinals four pretty stalwart golfers remain to fight it out. Last week in the semifinal round—36-hole matches—Bill Hyndman faced Hillman Robbins, and Billy Booe faced Ward. A lean, seasoned young man from Memphis with a fine, compact style, Robbins is capable of very hot golf. He had to play some in his quarter-final match, where he edged by Ed Hopkins of Abilene, Tex., by holing a 55-foot chip on the 17th for a birdie and a 10-foot putt on the home green. He was around in 68 and ruled a slight favorite to beat Hyndman, a 35-year-old insurance executive who, while more or less a weekend golfer, has a solid district record, has twice been a semifinalist in the North and South and, definitely on his game at Richmond, had ousted such tough customers as Frank Souchak, Jimmy McHale and Joe Campbell. Hyndman pulled out this match with Robbins 4 and 3, a fair indication of how the golf had gone. In the other semi, Booe (who had gotten there by defeating Charley Kunkle, who had defeated a far-off-form Joe Conrad) lost to Ward 4 and 2. Here the final score was no indication whatsoever of the tenor of the match.

All week long the pressure had been on Ward as it has seldom been on anyone in recent Amateurs. From the Palmer match on, he had driven consistently well, covered the flag with his crisp, unwavering irons and was putting nicely with that old wooden-shafted Pennant putter he discovered 16 years ago in an abandoned locker back in Tarboro. In succession, then, he had won his matches 5 and 3, 6 and 4 (after starting with four straight birdies against Rex Baxter), 3 and 2, and 6 and 4. Storable margins, and Baxter was the only name player he came up against, and yet the pressure was never off Harvie for a minute. He realized clearly that he probably would never have such a formidable chance

again to win the Amateur, and that is where the pressure came from.

Harvie was expected to have little or no trouble in his semifinal with Bill Booe, who had played a rugged 82 the previous day and was just lucky that his opponent had been even more staggered at the thought of becoming a semifinalist. In their morning round, Harvie methodically chipped off 17 pars and one bogey. And where was Booe? Right on his tail, only 1 down, staying right in there with some courageous recoveries and some very neat work around the greens. After lunch Harvie continued to hit green after green, but he couldn't draw away. He was having some trouble with his short putts, but nothing else was amiss. After the 30th hole he was still only 1 up, and Booe—all right, he was as tenacious as a bulldog, if you must—was playing with ever-increasing confidence. You felt he felt he might beat Ward. On the 31st, a short par four 333 yards long where the fairway slopes gradually downhill from the tee and then breaks sharply down about 240 yards out where the hole dog-legs to the right, Ward, swaying (for him) just a fraction on his backswing, pulled his drive into the rough. It left him with a relatively simple pitch of some 110 yards to the green below him. He played his wedge, intending to pop the ball just over the trap guarding the entrance to the green on the left. Harvie missed this shot. The ball, underhit, slipped off to the right, landed on the fairway a full 25 yards short of the green, seemed headed for the trap before the green on the right, miraculously evaded that trap, trickled off a hummock and onto the green and subsided 10 feet short of the cup. Harvie rapped that putt in, and when Booe, who had played two fine shots, missed the eight-footer he had for a half, Ward, instead of being hauled back to even, was 2 up. On the 33rd and 34th, he came up with two birdies of more authentic plumage but it was that terribly lucky break on the 31st which had definitely decided the match.

OUT IN 31

In the final against Hyndman, a tall, blue-eyed fellow who resembles Dutch Harrison in physique and who plays his shots allowing for a considerable right-to-left draw, Harvie settled matters much earlier in the day. The match, in truth, was over after the first nine. Hyndman was out in 36, a score that would have placed him 1 down to par. He was 5 down to Ward. Harvie, of course, was playing absolutely mar-

velous golf. Zip, zip, zip—as was that. On the first, a drive, a five-iron close to the pin, two putts, his par. On the second, a drive, a perfect six-iron, a 15-footer for his birdie. On the third, a drive, a four-iron, two putts, his par. A four-iron 12 feet from the cup on the fourth, one putt, another birdie. On the fifth, a drive, a nine iron up close to the pin, two putts, his par. On the sixth, a temporary interruption. His second shot, a four-wood, carried over the green, bounced off a newsstand truck and ricocheted back on to the fringe. From there, down in two, par. Back to that beautiful monotony. On the seventh, a drive, a seven-iron seven feet from the pin, his third birdie. A four-wood to the fringe on the eighth, down in two, par. A wedge, his third shot, four feet from the pin on the long 9th, and his fourth birdie. On the in-nine Hyndman had several chances to win a hole back, for he was inside of Ward on four greens with very holeable putts but he could drop nothing. By noontime he was eight down to Ward's approximated 66—31 out, 35 back.

It was once written of Bobby Jones: "This afternoon they wound up the

mechanical man again and . . ." The way Ward continued to play in the afternoon brought this phrase to your mind. He rattled off 10 pars on the 10 holes he needed to close out the match, but it was more the manner in which he did it. Two of his drives finished in the edge of the rough, and on the 25th hole his approach hopped off the green and onto the apron, but otherwise it was spectacularly errorless golf, every shot strictly on line and struck with that sweet precision (and with that fine left hand, firm but relaxed) that makes the new champion one of the most satisfying players to watch, a model of the simplified golf swing.

On the first day of the tournament a story went the rounds that a local businessman, taking off from his office for the week, was asked by his secretary, "Where can I reach you if I need you?" "Very simple," he replied. "Just find out what hole the Ward match is on." In golf nothing is inevitable, and Harvie Ward's superb victory was certainly not, but there was no mistaking that the championship was his for the winning. He won it with a wonderful display of precision golf. (END)

THE PRIDE OF TARBORO, a tobacco town 110 miles from Richmond, Harvie Ward, the new Amateur champion, relaxes with his wife Suzanne and the Havemeyer trophy.



As UCLA loped into Los Angeles Coliseum last week experts knew what to expect: one of the best-coached, hardest-charging teams in the land—potentially No. 1. They got all that—plus the rousing debut of Tailback Ronnie Knox (see page 34), who passed for all three of UCLA's touchdowns

KNOX CARRIES to Texas A&M three-yard line in first quarter behind the magnificent interference of Bruins Bob Davenport (27), Bruce Ballard (42), Don Stren (61) and Tom Thaxter (62).



TAILBACK KNOX (12) TAKES DIRECT PASS FROM CENTER, PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN,



AND RONNIE KNOX TOO



SWINGS TOWARD LEFT END ON FAKE RUNNING PLAY, THEN THROWS 25-YARD PASS ON DEAD RUN TO LEFT END FOR FIRST TOUCHDOWN



ALL ROADS LEAD TO WATKINS GLEN

A small New York town becomes the sports car capital of the Western Hemisphere as 300 drivers from Venezuela to Canada meet at Watkins Glen with vehicles ranging from a small Bandini to a massive Cunningham C4RK for the eighth annual road races sponsored by the Sports Car Club of America

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HALMI



TRAFFIC JAM OCCURS AS HUNDREDS OF CARS CLOG ROAD TO THE



DUST FLIES AS CARS ROAR AWAY IN THE SENECA CUP RACE. MR. R. J. WYLLIE OF ALLISON PARK, PA. WON FOR THIRD STRAIGHT YEAR



RACES. IN FOREGROUND IS MG TO OWNED BY GUS EHRMAN OF PROVIDENCE, R.I. 157 IS PORSCHE OF TEX HOPKINS OF ARLINGTON, VA.



SHERWOOD JOHNSTON OF GREENWICH, CONN., DRIVING JAGUAR D, TAKES COVETED GRAND PRIX (FOR OTHER WINNERS SEE PAGE 4)

ONE SHOT FOR BIG SHOTS



TAKING AIM. Governor Victor Anderson of Nebraska is set to fire, but antelope scampers into brush. In first big-guns hunt, he later shot one in heart at 287 yards.

TOUGH GENERAL Curtis LeMay, boss of U.S. Strategic Air Command, smiles after bagging antelope. He and Anderson were only Nebraska team members to score.



HAPPY ANDERSON blitches pants as Game Warden Jim White checks antelope

Given a range where the antelope play, but limited to a shot apiece, the governors of South Dakota, Louisiana, Texas and Utah bag three out of four to win team honors in the annual Lander, Wyo. hunt which also brought fun and game to some other VIPs



WAR HERO Joe Foss, South Dakota governor who downed 26 Japanese planes, fastens permit to horn of antelope he shot.

ARTHUR GODFREY and friends, Aircraft Executive Richard Beutelle, AF General Robert Scott, each shot antelope.



which had only one horn. Anderson later groused when told his Nebraska team had failed to win hunt.





OHIO STATE HALFBACK Cassady led team to Rose Bowl, was All-America in '54.



PURDUE QUARTERBACK Dawson as sophomore was U.S. third leading passer.



IOWA HALFBACK Smith topped Big Ten scoring in 1954, flashing long runs.

MIDWEST FOOTBALL

Great Lakes country again harbors some of the nation's top teams, with Michigan and Ohio State the favorites

by HERMAN HICKMAN

IT IS a brave man who dips a hand into the treacherous whirlpools of Great Lakes football and plucks out preseason favorites. Traditionally, the toughest and most grimly contested football in the country is played in the Midwest, and if there is any departure from the norm this year it is only in degree—there are more good teams with less to choose between them than ever before. In the Big Ten, any team has a chance to win. From 1954's titleholder, Ohio State, to last year's surprisingly shallow forces at bottom-riding Illinois, there isn't a weak team in the conference.

This week Michigan and Ohio State stand at the top; the Wolverines because of their depth, speed and the incomparable Ron Kramer; the Buckeyes because of a solid first group headed by Halfbacks Howard Cassady and Jerry Harkrader. But lest either team be led into false notions of glory, they will do well to remember the fate of Illinois and Michigan State last year. Many experts had them riding one-two at the starting gate and by the end of the year you needed a divining rod to find them.

Obviously the same thing can happen again, but right now six contenders seem to stand out over the rest: Ohio and Michigan, and then Iowa, Minnesota, Purdue and Wisconsin,

though not necessarily in that order. About the only sure thing in the conference is that Ohio State, because of an agreement prohibiting two Rose Bowl appearances in a row, will not be the Western Conference representative on the Coast come New Year's Day. Michigan should be.

It will surprise no one that Notre Dame, despite serious losses of key players, will be formidable as always. Other strong Midwestern independents will be Marquette, Cincinnati and Xavier. Little heard from before this but coming fast is Hugh Devore's Dayton team. Miami University, victor over Indiana, Marquette and Cincinnati last year, should again lead the Mid-American Conference while Heidelberg, with Little All-America Halfback Walt Livingston returning, is the favorite to repeat in the 14-team Ohio Conference.

Michigan. Grade-one tackles are just about the only cogs missing from the Michigan team revving up for the Missouri opener Saturday. The league-opener is with upcountry Michigan State on October 1, and the week after that comes Army. The Wolverines have never beaten the Cadets and last year they suffered a humiliating defeat. If all the pretty things that have been said about Michigan are true, Ann Arbor may be snake dancing into a

top national rating late on the afternoon of October 8.

The depth and experience are there. Twenty-four lettermen are back and with them Ron Kramer, the junior end who punts and, to hear the Michigan staff tell it, does about everything a mortal can do. On the other end is Tom Maenta, a genuinely capable operator himself. The backfield has speed. If his knees cooperate, Tony Branoff will have few superiors at right half; and at left Terry Barr, Tom Hendricks and sophomore Jim Pace, the fastest of the lot, are counted on to give the Michigan offense the trickiness and speed that will make it go.

Ohio State. Repeating champions in the Big Ten are somewhat of a rarity, but the Buckeyes are a good bet to do just that. Gone are many of the stars from the undefeated Rose Bowl team of last season, but outside of inexperience at quarterback, Ohio State's first team will be as good as almost any in the country. Opportunist Cassady, a real All-America, is paired at halfback with Harkrader. No other team in the nation can offer a better combination of speed to the outside and power to the inside. Ken Vargo at center and Jim Parker at guard are standouts in a redoubtable line that includes four tackles who won letters last year.

Iowa. The Hawkeyes' record at season's end may not be too impressive, but the fault will lie with the schedule, not the team, which is one of the country's best. In its last five games, Iowa runs into four of my Eleven Eleven: UCLA, Michigan, Ohio State and Notre Dame. Seven starters from last year's squad and a 217-pound line from end to end have been the cause of joyous singing in Iowa City for everybody but Coach Forest Evashevski who thinks his team lacks speed. Earl

Smith and Eddie Vincent, the big groundgrainers and scorers of last season, are the exceptions. The line is led by All-America Captain Calvin Jones. **Purdue.** Coach Stu Holcomb's Boilermakers could be the conference sleeper. If Quarterback Len Dawson, who as a sophomore last year was the third best passer in the country, has another good season, look out Pasadena. Lamar Lundy, 6 and a half feet of arms and fingers, leads a swarm of veteran ends. So maybe Purdue is in for an old-fashioned say hey!

Wisconsin. In the last six years, the Badgers under Ivy Williamson have had the best record in the conference: 26-9-4. This year only 12 letter-winners are back, and among the missing is the great Alan Ameche. But uncommonly fine material from the 1954 freshman squad will help fill the gap. Wisconsin's worst trouble will be its schedule, which is all tough in the first half of the season when the sophomores will be finding themselves. Senior Quarterbacks Jim Miller and Jim Haluska give depth in that spot. Paul Shwaika and John Dittrich are the best in the usually strong Wisconsin line.

Minnesota. Missing from the Gophers of 1954 are 29 varsitymen and Bob McNamara, whose type comes along to a school about once in a dozen years. Don't shed too many tears, though. The sophomores are reported to be better even than Wisconsin's. Minnesota should cause several gloomy weekends before the fall is out.

Indiana. With only seven varsity players absent from last year's squad, optimism is rampant in the Hoosier camp. Coach Bernie Crimmins told me that this was the best-balanced team he had had in his four years at Indiana. Milt Campbell is the big man in the backfield.

Michigan State. The Spartans fell far and hard in '54. Recovery will not be

complete this year as 19 lettermen were lost, but there is a glint in the eye of Coach Hugh Daugherty when he tells you: "We haven't had a squad this green in years. No wonder writers are playing us down this fall. It figures."

Illinois. The Illini, too, have fallen on evil days, and their miseries were doubly compounded with the news that Captain-elect J. C. Caroline, the All-America halfback, was out for the year because of academic deficiency. Despite this, the halfback position is still the strongest on the squad. Three seasoned performers are on hand: Harry Jefferson at left half; Abe Woodson and Mickey Bates at right. The Illini are improved. But so are the rest. **Northwestern.** The Wildcats are the biggest question mark in the conference. There is a new coaching staff headed by Lou Saban and 20 returning lettermen from a team that won only a single conference game. Sometimes a new staff has a winning effect on a losing squad and this could happen at Northwestern this year.

Notre Dame. Much has been said about the coming collapse of Notre Dame football. Perhaps my five years at Army have warped my judgment but I just can't picture the Irish having a really bad year. If Notre Dame gets by the strong SMU team this weekend, put it in your little book that the boys from South Bend will have another "representative season." Six of the seven starters are departed from the line, but this was expected four years ago and I'm sure that Coach Terry Brennan's staff has not been caught completely asleep. No backfield can suffer the loss of a Guglielmi without being hurt but Brennan has an excellent quartet in Paul Hornung, Don Schaefer, Jim Morse and Paul Reynolds. Let's postpone the last rites until they play a couple of games. (K.H.B.)

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Sept. 24

* **Maryland vs. UCLA.** Before last week's games I leaned toward the Terps, but Ronnie Knox and the single wing present too many problems. UCLA.

* **Notre Dame vs. Southern Methodist.** Southern Methodist is large, fast and experienced. I'm bucking logic, perhaps, but Notre Dame is NOTRE DAME.

* **Florida vs. Georgia Tech.** Tech could be down after its win over Miami, but the Gators had a real tough one, too. GEORGIA TECH.

* **Indiana vs. Michigan State.** The Hoosiers are coming. The Spartans are "coming back." INDIANA.

* **Southern Cal. vs. Oregon.** The terrible Trojans toyed with a well-regarded Washington State. No contest. USC.

* **Rice vs. Alabama.** Toughness will be a Crimson Tide trademark, but the Owls are rated at the top of the Southwest Conference. RICE.

* **Columbia vs. Brown.** A puzzlement. Brown was strong last season. Columbia weak. Columbia is not reported stronger, Brown is said to be weaker. BROWN.

* **North Carolina vs. Oklahoma.** The Tar Heels will be tough at Chapel Hill but true southern hospitality will prevail... OKLAHOMA.

* **Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh.** The Panther was reminiscent of another era as John Michelosen unveiled a real powerhouse against collapsing California. PITT.

* **Texas Tech vs. Texas Christian.** TCU could be the strongest in the Southwest Conference, Texas Tech the best in the Southwest. But Texas one week and TCU the next—no. TCU.

ALSO:

Princeton over Rutgers
Army over Furman
Navy over William and Mary
Ohio State over Nebraska
Arkansas over Oklahoma A&M
Michigan over Missouri
Minnesota over Washington
West Virginia over Richmond
Purdue over College of the Pacific
Iowa over Kansas State
Mississippi over Kentucky
Colgate over Dartmouth
Colorado over Arizona
Baylor over Villanova
Illinois over California

Last week's record:
19 right, 5 wrong, 1 tie



NOTRE DAME TACKLE Ray Lemek, rugged Irish captain and only starter from last year's line, lands with jarring suddenness on a Texas U. back during the 1954 game.

FOOTBALL: GAME OF THE WEEK

THREE TOUCHDOWNS FOR HARVEY

by JAMES MURRAY

UCLA Tailback Ronnie Knox, billed as the hottest thing in football by his hustling stepfather, looked the part as the Bruins defeated Texas A&M 21-0

IN THE dressing room after the game, even the normally calm, tough-talking Red Sanders seemed a little shaken by what he had seen. Mopping a reddened forehead on which glistened little beads of sweat and jerking his head nervously to the side like a horse whose bit is pulled, Red managed to overcome his wonder to opine hesitantly: "Knox has got a chance to be the best tailback we have ever had. He's real gifted, that boy. . . ."

"Gifted" was precisely the word to apply to Ronnie Knox. For a youngster to come through under the gaugeshattering pressure he had been put to could hardly be done on sheer effort of the will, courage or even luck. When Tailback Ronnie Knox ran out into the middle of the floodlit Los Angeles Coliseum before 65,000 curious or even derisive spectators, he was more than just another halfback in turquoise-blue jersey and gold helmet. UCLA's "No. 18" was a marked man.

To make matters more intolerable, his team had already been conceded the national championship by the usually fallible but vocal football press. And the insiders knew that UCLA would be as good as Ronnie Knox and not much better. To be sure, the backfield was three- and four-deep, the first time in his coaching career Red Sanders has had layers of offensive talent. The trouble was the atomic line of last year, which used to blast such craters in the opposition that even mediocre backs could look like All-Americans, was gone.

Ronnie—as every sports fan in the country knows—had been pushed into this unenviable position by a frantic stepfather whose zeal for his son to become a football star has bordered on the incredible. Ronnie had played for three high schools and two colleges in his stepfather's quest for the proper coaching for his gifted boy. If Ronnie Knox felt as though he were being pushed out on a tightrope without a balance pole, he could be pardoned.

Canny Coach Sanders had done his best to take the heat off the youngster who is, although the public doesn't know it, the antithesis of his volatile stepfather. Ronnie Knox is painfully modest, matter-of-fact and gentle, almost a shambling big-brother type off the field. Stepfather Harvey Knox was livid when Sanders leaked to the press the "dope" that

Knox, injured in the fifth day of spring practice with a broken index finger on his throwing hand, was actually his fourth-string tailback and a boy who would be lucky to see action at all in the opening game against Texas A&M.

The game was barely two minutes old when the transparency of Sanders' motives was perceived. Sanders' "first-string" tailback, a spirited but woefully short (5 feet 7 inches) gamester named Doug Bradley, fumbled the kickoff and the Texas Aggies' green but combative linemen recovered on the Bruin 20. The Aggies, no match for the Bruin first-string line, went rapidly backward from there and an interception gave the Bruins the ball seconds later.

First-Stringer Bradley lost 13 yards on the first play and the wisecracks in the stands, focusing their binoculars on the Bruin bench, saw Coach Sanders quietly get up and take No. 18 by the arm in a fatherly way. Sanders and his problem child knelt by the sidelines as a reverse gained six yards and a Sanders third-down punt seemed called for. Ronnie Knox went charging into the game. There were neither catcalls nor cheers from the crowd but a kind of curious, electric silence.

The first play was a fake punt with the wingback carrying the ball but the next was a real punt—a cloud-scraping 55-yarder by Ronnie which fell dead on the Aggies' 11-yard line. At long last, young Mr. Knox was blooded in a college game, and Sanders' cards were at last spread face-up on the gridiron.

Up in the stands, a dapper, cocky man in brown pork-pie hat, spread collar and checkered brown sports coat told his family and anyone within earshot, "That's nuthin'—wait'll Ronnie warms up."

Ronnie warmed up in the very next series of Bruin plays. Pitching with an index finger which is swollen thick from palm to first joint, he hit Wingback Jim Decker for 11 yards, then End Johnny Hermann for seven more. He called the plays skillfully and dimayed the Aggies by carrying the ball himself off a fake pass with a smashing, heavy-legged drive reminiscent of the Bruins' last All-America tailback, Paul Cameron. On the sidelines, Aggie Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant could be seen shaking his head. The worst had

continued on page 36



"IF HELPING YOUR KIDS isn't a career, what the hell is it?" demanded flamboyant Harvey Knox (center) in SI article (Sept. 6, 1954) introducing controversial Knox family. Knox's story, told in his own words and accompanied by picture above, related how he steered stepson Ronnie through three years of football triumphs at three different high schools, later yanked him out of the University of California when Coach Lynn Waldorf's system

apparently failed to give proper display to Ronnie's talents. Ronnie moved to UCLA, lost year of eligibility because of transfer, and sat out 1954 season. But in 1955 opener against Texas A&M last week, Ronnie ran, punted, tackled brilliantly, and passed for three touchdowns. With Ronnie well launched toward football stardom, busy Harvey has also promoted a movie contract with Howard Hughes for his pretty stepdaughter Patsy (right).

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GAME OF THE WEEK

continued from page 24

happened: Ronnie Knox was as good as Harvey said he was. The trouble was, Bryant was finding it out too late to install the necessary complex defense.

What the Knox comes-through passes for Bruin opponents should keep their coaching staffs up far into the night and their heads between their hands on Saturday afternoons. Unless some desperate lineman can shatter the golden arm, the enemy is confronted with an impossible tactical situation. If they deploy to stop Knox's passes, the best fallback in the country, 210-pound Bob Davenport, and the best second-string fullback in history, the 202-pound Oakland Negro, Doug Peters, can be counted on to shred the undermanned line and secondary. For the first time in Sanders' history he has a team that can either go over 'em or through 'em. It was almost an anti-climax when Knox, a short time into the second quarter, ran spiritedly as though to sweep end, then on the dead-run fired a perfect pass to End Johnny Hermann for the Bruins' first touchdown. He was to throw three touchdown passes, more than most Sanders' tailbacks throw in a season.

The passes were enough to gladden the heart of a Paul Brown—soft, easy to catch, yet so accurate as to be un-interceptable. These were the passes Ronnie learned playing catch-football with his stepfather in a Beverly Hills public park when he barely was in grammar school, the passes which so caught the eye even of the great Frank Leahy in the East-West high school game that he went out of his way to seek out Ronnie as possible Notre Dame material, confessing that "When the game started I thought Ronnie threw the ball so soft he would have many interceptions but soon saw he wouldn't."

To be sure, Texas A&M, green and overmatched, was no true test of Knox as an All-America—or even as a big-league halfback. Ronnie will get his most corrosive test—as will all the Bruins—at College Park, Maryland this week when the Terrapins, coached by Jim Tatum, still smarting at the slithering he got from Red Sanders last year, will probably try everything including mayhem to stop Ronnie's success if not his career. But if Ronnie and Red get by the Terps, only Iowa stands in the way of a great season.

One man who sees no chance for Maryland—or anyone else foolish enough to run up against Ronnie Knox

—is Harvey Knox. Standing outside the dressing room (to which parents are wisely not permitted by Coach Sanders), Harvey waxed expansive as usual. "Where would that game have been without Ronnie?" he demanded after hailing a friend. "Where? I'll tell you. Right here! [And he smacked his open palms together ferociously.] Right here! [Smack!] Nuthin' to nuthin' to nuthin.' Zero. Period."

"Maryland?" exclaimed Harvey scornfully. "That Goose [sic] Tatum. Why, if Ronnie doesn't throw for five or six touchdowns, I'll disown him. I'll cream him."

"Why, my goodness!" exclaimed Harvey who was off and running. "I didn't see nuthin' I haven't seen before. What did you expect? Tell me, what did you expect? You of son of a gun, did you think of Harvey was bulling you? ... I'm not taking the credit. I started the kid off but Jim Sutherland [Ronnie's high school coach] is the one who taught Ronnie how to do it. Jim Sutherland, mind what I'm telling you." And Harvey Knox stepped back, waving an imaginary football, which he sent flying out in an imaginary trajectory after shifting his eyes from right to left like a tailback faking the end and the defensive secondary.

LONG, LATE SHOWER

In the dressing room, the cause of all the commotion, Ronnie, unconcerned, showered himself endlessly, remaining in the steaming room until long after almost the entire team had showered, dressed and drifted off to their homes or frat houses. "Ronnie always does that," grinned a newspaperman. "He stays in there hoping the press and all the well-wishers would disappear. It embarrasses him."

In a corner surrounded by excited newsmen, Coach Sanders wearily put the finishing touches on the evening. What did he think of his team as a whole, he was asked. "That was about as good an opening game as any team I have ever had," he allowed sincerely. "We're very thrilled."

A reporter asked whether, during all the spring and preseason practice, there had ever been any doubt that Knox would be UCLA's No. 1 tailback.

"No," said Red Sanders.

If there was a cloud on Sanders' horizon, it was outside in the runway wearing a pork-pie hat and a big grin. For when Sanders got Knox (Ronnie) he also got Knox (Harvey). It is the one place where Red is not happy to have them too deep. (END)



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Topic In TV Drama—"Climax"—CBS-TV, Thursdays

BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

THE YANKEES DIDN'T LOSE
THAT OLD PENNANT AFTER
ALL. NOW IT'S CLEVELAND'S
TURN TO FALL OFF THE CLIFF

YOU WILL REMEMBER that last week when we left you the Yankees had just lost the pennant. Yogi Berra had half turned around at the plate and had stared, numb with frustration and a feeling of impending doom, after a wild pitch that Whitey Ford, a small boy, had just flung past him.

Don Mossi, an Indian of doleful mien, had been immensely cheered by the wild pitch, the resultant Indian run and a tumbling catch by Hoot Evers for the last out of the game, and had walked over to third base to shake hands with Al Rosen and to wait there for Evers, trotting in from the outfield. Evers, you will recall, was suspected of bringing the pennant in with him.

Well, he didn't. George Armstrong Custer, portrayed by a veteran actor named Casey Stengel, was playing possum at that Little Big Horn in The Bronx. After the Indians left, he rose and looked around. He passed out band-aids and coffee, rallied his troops and began once again to chase after the Redskins. Now, a week later, it is the band of Indians that lies massacred and dying, and it is Custer Stengel who has snatched the pennant and is riding away toward the World Series.

How did this ever happen? Particularly since the Cleveland had gone into Griffith Stadium two days after they had tomahawked the Yankees and had smacked down their most persistent bickers, Charley Dressen's Washington Senators, in both ends of a double-header. On Wednesday morning the Indians had a solid lead and the season had only 10 days to go.

How did it happen? A man in distant California, fellow named Ned Cronin, works for the Los Angeles Times, wrote, "If Casey Stengel didn't have a stubborn streak in him as wide as a mule's caboose, he would realize that Dame Fortune . . . had long since decided the American League pennant never would be run up the Yankee Stadium flagpole. . . . But Casey . . . hasn't got sense enough to quit."

Sure enough, Casey didn't. He hung on, playing them, as they say, one at a time. He beat the Tigers, beat them again, beat the Red Sox, beat them again, and then again. And the Indi-

ans responded to this by folding up like an old, old buffalo robe. They lost to the Senators, lost to the Tigers, lost to the Tigers, lost to the Tigers.

And so, Sunday night, there were the Yankees two games ahead. They'd gained four games in one week's time in a league where for two solid months a half-game lead had seemed big and a full-game lead had sounded like a runaway.

How did it happen? For the Indians it was to a considerable extent the decline and fall of Ray Narleski. Here

was the most valuable player in the Indians' fight to hold first place, a fast-balling relief pitcher who day after day trudged in from the bullpen to the mound, all business, chin jutting out and head bobbing, looking like his nickname, Bronko, ready to stick a rally down the enemy's throat. He had become a legend in Cleveland and a terror around the league. But that night in Washington, that Wednesday, he couldn't hold the Senators. He lost, the first time he'd lost all season.

When a pitcher as good as Narleski fails, it shakes a team's confidence, particularly a weak-hitting team like the Indians (last week, in seven of the eight games they played from Sunday through Sunday, the Indians had averaged 1.9 runs per game).

There was a Wagnerian rightness in Narleski's utter collapse in the last game against the Tigers on Sunday, when he came in to stop a rally and literally could not get anybody out. The



YANKEE SPIES IN EBBETS FIELD

Even before their spectacular success of last weekend, the New York Yankees had scouts in Ebbets Field, an unprecedented four of them: Harry Heme, Paul Krichell, Bill Skiff and Frank O'Rourke (above, left to right). They watched the Dodgers for the weaknesses that might snatch Yankee victory from defeat during the World Series.

There was nothing particularly secretive about the scouting. The Dodgers had provided them with choice seats directly behind home plate and showed them every courtesy, even as Dodger scouts had been shown every courtesy when they had gone to scout the Yankees. It was an old story.

"I've been watching the Dodgers for years," said Scout Bill Skiff. "But you

can't rely on what you've seen before. They have some new men and the old ones can change. Take Robinson. You can knock the ball down and throw him out now. But he still can bunt—and beat it out."

A throw injured Gil Hodges' thumb, and he left the game. Skiff spoke to O'Rourke, who made a note. "I watch to see what pitches get certain hitters out and compare the pitcher who did it with a specific pitcher on our team. A lefty like Ford might get a man out differently from a lefty like Byrne."

The White Sox were also scouting the Dodgers last week but, oddly enough, no scout from the Cleveland Indians appeared. It seems unlikely now that one ever will. —DECK YOUNG

Tigers scored six runs and the Indians' gods were falling all around them.

Meanwhile, the Yankees had Hank Bauer and Yogi Berra, two broad-shouldered tough guys. Until this season Bauer had been primarily a two-platoon player under Stengel, playing against left-handed pitching, but benched against right-handers. Bauer resented this and never bothered to hide his dislike of Stengel's methods. "No," he said to a question put to him by a teen-ager on Howard Cosell's All-League Clubhouse radio show, "I don't really dislike Mr. Stengel." He paused, then grinned and went on blandly, "But whenever I bat against a right-handed pitcher, I guess it's Stengel I see out there on the mound."

Last Friday night the Red Sox had the Yankees beaten 4-3 with one out in the ninth, Bauer up. Ellis Kinder, the aged right-hander who was pitching for Boston, apparently resembled Stengel. At any rate Bauer swung viciously and clouted a home run, tying the game. A moment later Yogi Berra hit another to win it. The Yankees were in first place.

Sunday the Yankees scored their winning run against the Red Sox on a succession of extraordinary luck. Bauer lifted a weak little foul, but Boston Second Baseman Billy Goodman ran too close to First Baseman Norm Zaichin, causing him to shy away and drop the ball. Bauer then hit a Baltimore chop that Willard Nixon, the pitcher, tipped with his glove but was unable to hold, and Bauer was safe at first. After a walk that loaded the bases, Gil McDougald hit another little bleeder along the third-base line. He was out at first when Ted Lepcio made a lovely pickup and throw, but the runner on third scored. Scored on a dropped foul and two squibs that didn't get off the infield grass.

"Yankee luck," growled the die-hards, and maybe it was. But Bauer's home run and Berra's home run on Friday and the catch Elston Howard made diving into the left-field stands on Saturday and the play Shortstop Jerry Coleman made going to his left on Sunday—they were not luck. The heart bleeds for Cleveland and Al Lopez, a good man and a good manager, but the mind has to recognize, finally, the skills and talents of a better team.

And so, we leave you, with the Yankees clutching the pennant and the Indians flying off the cliff toward the jagged rocks below. Nothing can save them now.

But maybe we'd better wait until next week's chapter to be sure. **END**



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HORSES

A REPORT ON THE STATE OF
THE TURF, INCLUDING ATLANTIC
CITY'S \$200,000 TRIPLE CLASSIC;
PLUS A SYSONBY PREDICTION

by WHITNEY TOWER

IN THE MIDDLE of one of racing's
most exciting seasons the brilliant
3-year-old duels and the prospects for
more of the same in the fall handicaps
have obscured the fact that turf course
racing is taking its rightful place on
the American scene. Earlier in the year
Santa Anita and later on Chicago's
Arlington and Washington parks ran
some of their richest stakes over the
turf, and the resulting mutual handle
clearly reflected public approval.

Today no U.S. course is doing more
than Atlantic City to support this
trend and give credence to the theory
so well expressed last fall by Trainer
Syl Velthe after Fisherman, in his first
start on grass, won The International
at Laurel. "A good horse," said Velthe
then, "will run on anything." Many
good horses (among them Swaps, who
in his only start on the turf tied an
American record) have since proved
Velthe quite right—and have assisted
in exploding the false myth that only
certain horses, the majority of them
both foreign-bred and foreign-raced,
are capable of racing on grass. "Most
American horses run freely on grass
pastures from the day they are foaled,"
said Trainer Bob Lilly at Atlantic City
the other afternoon. "Why should they
have trouble racing over it?"

Atlantic City provides both the turf
and the incentive to attract the best.
The secret of the course, which many
horsemen flatly claim is the best turf
surface in the country, is that it has
been allowed sufficient time to mature.
During the meeting the grass is kept
nearly eight inches long to protect the
well-grounded roots and to provide a
soft cushion. Extensive watering is
used to maintain its good condition.

To bring the best available racers
to Atlantic City, the association this
season is presenting more than half of
its stakes on the turf course. The
highlight of the program is a unique
series of events known as the Triple
Turf Classic—worth, in all, some
\$200,000. The first half of the series
was run off last Saturday with two in-
dividual \$50,000 mile-and-a-furlong

events. The first was limited to foreign-bred racers, 3-year-olds and up; the second was for American-bred 3-year-olds and up. A total of 18 answered the starter's call for the two events (from an original nomination list of 66) and, by the conditions of the classic, the first four to finish in each race automatically qualified to start—at no further nomination or starting fee—in this Saturday's \$100,000 United Nations Handicap at a mile and three-sixteenths.

The importance of the Triple Turf Classic was accentuated by the arrival by air a few days before the race of two of France's leading racers, Martin Fabiani's Klairon and George Wildenstein's Jolly Friar. These two foreign campe added a happy international flavor to the day, but the best effort on the part of either horse was the third-place finish by Klairon under a fine ride by young Jean Deforge. The winner—and heavy favorite—was Mrs. H. L. Nathanson's Blue Choir, ridden by Willie Hartack and trained by Bob Lilly, who solemnly admitted before post time, "My horse is just rounding into the best condition of his career." The Wildenstein forces were in for bitter disappointment—all the more bitter when you consider they flew over 3,000 miles for the race. Jolly Friar, despite a walk-up start, received some unfortunate handling from an assistant on the line and finally, in the tradition of a Frenchman who dislikes being pushed around, he refused to break at all and, consequently, never even started around the course.

The American Bred Stakes went to Chris Chenery's Prince Hill, and the big surprise in this one was that Alfred Vanderbilt's favored Social Outcast missed out altogether, finishing fifth in a field of eight. This Saturday the eight "finalists" have it out again and, from what I've seen, I must go along with Blue Choir, the Irish-bred 4-year-old. He'll have Hartack on him again, and Willie is riding at the moment as though he owned Atlantic City.

While they're settling the United Nations Handicap at the shore, horse-of-the-year honors may be decided at Belmont this Saturday. Nashua, well rested after his match race, goes against older horses for the first time in the mile-and-a-furlong Sysonby. The older horses include High Gun and Helioscope, so far this year the two leading 4-year-olds, and I know a few oldtimers predicting that this is where Nashua will get his comeuppance. I think they're wrong. **END**

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MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

SI TESTS MG'S RADICALLY NEW 'A' SERIES WHICH IS BEING INTRODUCED THIS WEEK AND FINDS THAT IT IS BETTER THAN THE CLASSIC T MODELS

EARLY THIS YEAR, when MG withdrew the TF from production, there was a great deal of speculation over what would follow. In time it was learned that a new A-type series was being contemplated, but what kind of a car it was, what design and how it would stack up with previous models were questions which had to await the unveiling. This week, about three months behind their original schedule, MG officials are showing the new car publicly for the first time. I have driven the A and it is in every way superior to any model in the T series.

Without doubt, the outstanding fact about the A is its styling. With this series, MG is making a clean break with the outworn, boxlike, "classical" shape of the T models. In fact, the smooth contours and compound curves of its well-proportioned body are identical with that of this year's Le Mans MG, while the front end is inherited from the Phillips MG of Le Mans in 1951. Among its pleasing features are the high-grade finish on fender welts, door joints, upholstery, steering wheel (with spokes forming a shallow X), bumpers and windshield frame.

I first saw the car in July at the MG plant situated outside the picturesque old Berkshire town of Abingdon-on-Thames. General Manager John Thornley—the man who has done more for MG than anyone else since the late Cecil Kimber—provided me with a test car, and I set off along typical British winding roads.

It took me less than a mile to discover the excellence of the new MG. You sit low and deep in the comfortable seats, with plenty of elbow and leg room both for driver and passenger. Interior body width, door to door, is 48 inches, and a center armrest, nearly five inches wide, is standard equipment. Seat cushions are a generous 18 x 19 inches, with backs offering support just where it is needed. With the driver's seat fully back on its sliding rails, 24 inches of leg room is available. Luggage space too is adequate for a small sports car.

The handling qualities of the A-type are superb. Steering, clutch and gearbox are all positive and velvet-smooth,

while the bigger Magnette brakes do a real stopping job. So far as I could discover, the car is viceless, even when thrown around turns. It gives warning of tail-slides and instantly answers helm and throttle. For a four-cylinder, small-displacement motor, it is extraordinarily flexible. Low is purely a starting gear; you can haul away from five mph in second, 15 in third and 20 in top without the least sign of distress

FOR WATKINS GLEN RESULTS
TURN TO PAGE 4

or ping, despite the fairly high compression ratio. Yet a fast downshift into third at 40 mph is tremendously useful when overtaking slow traffic, since maximum in third gear is around 70 mph. The engine revs easily to 6,000 rpm and beyond without valve crash. In two hours I drove 100 miles along winding, narrow, unfamiliar roads with absolute comfort and safety. That is how well the car performs.

There is only one snag, but to the MG enthusiast it will loom large. On sheer performance the new car is only fractionally better than the TF, despite an added five hp. Precisely, it is four-tenths of a second faster from zero to 80 mph, half a second faster to 50 mph and 1.4 seconds faster to 60.

Maximum speed of 94 mph is about six mph higher and the biggest improvement seems to be in the 30- to 50-mph acceleration range. Whereas the TF took 6.1 seconds to go from 30 to 50 in second gear, the A takes only six seconds in third. Still, to be blunt, the A's pickup is only mediocre, and in its present form it is no match for several other production cars of similar displacement.

I discussed this with Thornley and his assistant, Geoffrey Iley. Both had anticipated my findings and their explanation was economic. To begin with, the new MG does not feature the Westlake-designed, double-port cylinder head used on the EX 182 Le Mans cars, which topped 117 mph on the long straight to Mulshanne. That particular head had vastly better breathing from both sides of the intake valves, inclined at 35°, which boosted the power output to between 82 and 90 hp. It seemed the logical head for the vast potential overseas markets of the new model, but Iley told me that despite a flood of telegrams and letters from MG Magnette owners wanting to buy the head, the company wouldn't include it because "production costs are such a serious obstacle at the moment." It seems the question of whether to make this cylinder head in quantities is under consideration by BMC (British Motor Corporation), of which the MG Car Company is a subsidiary; and if Thornley can sell top management the idea, he will do so.

Meanwhile, the A-type MG engine is derived from the BMC's B series power unit of Austin design. Indeed, it uses the same block as the Austin A50, Morris Oxford and MG Magnette. "Until last summer," Thornley



CORNERING UNDER HAND of Writer Bentley, newly styled A-series MG with curved contours, shortened grille, bears slight resemblance to boxlike T of the past.

SPECIFICATIONS

engine & chassis

No. of cylinders	4
Bore	2.875 in.
Stroke	3.30 in.
Displacement	99.90 cu. in.
Compression ratio	8.15:1
Maximum output	68 bhp at 5,300 rpm
Bore-stroke ratio	1:1.22
Bhp per cu. in.	.748
Valves	Overhead pushrod
Carburetors	Two side-draft SU; 1 1/2-in.; Type AUC
Transmission	Four speed, manual; synchronesh 2, 3, 4
Overall ratios	1st: 15.65 2nd: 9.32 3rd: 5.90 4th: 4.30
Rear axle ratio	4.3:1
Pinion speed (at 5,500 rpm)	3,208 rpm
Max. torque	74.4 ft.-lbs. at 3,300 rpm
Mph per 1,000 rpm (4th)	17
Weight (car tested with 2 gallons fuel)	1,988 lbs.
Power weight ratio	28.2 lbs. bhp
Turning diameter	28 ft.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	2 1/2
Tire size	5.69 x 15
Brake lining area	134.4 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (imperial gallons)	10

measurements

Wheelbase	94 in.
Overall length	156 in.
width	58 in.
height	59 in.
Tread (front)	47 1/2 in. (disc wheels); 47 1/4 in. (wire wheels)
(rear)	48 1/2 in. (disc or wire wheels)
Minimum ground clearance	5 1/2 in.

explained, "the detail design of every Wolseley, Riley, Morris and MG was rigidly controlled by BMC, but during the past year the severity of this policy has been gradually relaxed, particularly with regard to the MG." Today the chief over-all requirement is that any new MG must utilize basic components already in production. (Hence the designation A, denoting the start of a new line of MGs built from available BMC parts, just as the original 1936 T type sprang from Wolseley and Morris components.

In Thornley's words, the new MG is a "bread and butter car," strictly for sports touring. Viewed in that light, with a projected \$2,200 tag, it is wonderful value. But in my opinion MG designers missed the boat by not using the Le Mans head. With 82 hp under the hood, the new car would be transformed. It could top 100 mph in full touring trim and doubtless break 11 seconds from zero to 60 mph without trouble. Enthusiasts would gladly pay \$200 more for the extra zip. **END**



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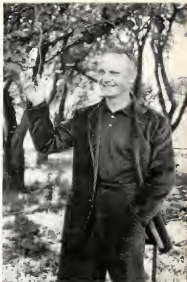
AS the population trend shifts from city to suburb, a new way of dress is developing, an amalgamation of the rustic clothes of the country and the more formal clothes of the city. The result is often spoken of as "suburban" and the look of it is seen in brighter shirts, more casual shoes and easier fitting suits than a man would wear in town. These clothes will take a man anywhere that tweeds will go—to stadium and field events and even casual cocktail parties. The best of the suburban suits are those made of corduroy. In fabrics with both wide and narrow ribs, in colors ranging from tans to fall's new greens, they've been trimmed with leather for added wearability and dash. Newest corduroy suit is Brooks Brothers' Dacron-cotton Brookscored. For the first time, a corduroy has been made of a Dacron and cotton blend, giving the fabric lightness and wrinkle resistance. Where to buy? See below.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD LITWEN



HUNTCORD SUIT (\$53.50) of all-cotton corduroy is worn by Norbert Ford on his Lebanon, New Jersey farm. The suit has leather trim on pockets of both jacket and trousers for long wear.

BROOKSCORED SUIT (Brooks Bros., \$58) of Dacron and cotton is newest corduroy suit. Bill Clume wears it with checked shirt. Jane Ball's long-line corduroy suit is by Claire McCardell (\$50).



WIDE-WALE CORDUROY of Robert Cleary's suit is trimmed with contrasting leather on collar and pocket (\$55). His thornproof knit shirt is of Orlon and wool (Activair, \$15).



BACKSTRAP BELT of Cleary's suit eliminates need for other belt, is of leather as is pocket trim.



BACKSTRAP CAP matches suit to left, has leather belted back, trim on band (Brewster, \$4).

HUNTCORD SUITS: Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Boyd's, St. Louis; Carroll & Co., Beverly Hills; Frank Bros., San Antonio; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Robert Kirk, San Francisco; Jacob Reed's, Philadelphia; Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago. **WIDE-WALE SUITS:** Whitehouse & Hardy, New York, Detroit; Atkinson's, Los Angeles; S. R. Baker, Cleveland; Boyd's, St. Louis; MacNed & Moore, Madison; M. O'Neil, Akron; Thalhimer's, Richmond.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

No! says Happy Knoll's Roger Horlick in
behalf of Old Ned, a bartender with hands
that tremble but with ears like a rabbit

by J. P. MARQUAND



A letter from Mr. Roger Horlick of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus, regarding the moinfaining of the status quo of the Men's Bar and continuing the employment of its present bartender.

Dear Albert:

As you know, there has been agitation recently, chiefly among the younger and less well established members of the Happy Knoll Country Club whose names appear only too frequently on the bulletin board for nonpayment of house bills, to get Old Ned out of the Men's Bar at Happy Knoll and to renovate the whole place. The idea is, in accordance with the argot of a generation younger than ours, that the Men's Bar—where your father and mine used to have their toddies after a hard afternoon on the links—stinks.

Indeed, in a sense the Men's Bar does, in that almost two generations of excellent hard liquor have spilled upon its woodwork, creating an aroma which binds the past to the present. The word among several of our more successful young executives, however, is that the Men's Bar is archaic. They want the mirrors, the beer steins and the canvas of *The Frightened Nymph* by Bouguereau to be removed and the bar and the brass rail and the two brass cuspidors along with them. In their place, they suggest something more like a Paris bistro or sidewalk

café with high bar stools, artificial awnings and artificial sunlight. The clique that is most vociferous in demanding this change is headed by a young advertising man named Bob Lawton, whose election to the Board of Governors at Happy Knoll still remains to me a mystery. Granted that every element of our somewhat varied membership should, ideally, be represented, one must stop somewhere.

I don't know how well you know young Mr. Lawton, but probably very well if you have ever met him, because he is constantly thrusting out his hand and saying, "The name is Bob Lawton and it's time we got to know each other better." At any rate, it is the idea of our Bob Lawton to "lve it up a little in the bar." Primarily he proposes to have a sign over its door called "Fun 'n Games Room for Men Only," and a seal of ebromatic neon lighting which will change at various hours and a number of gambling machines arranged in what he calls a "comedy manner," the proceeds of which will go toward refurbishing the bar, which is now run at a deficit. Without consulting anyone, he has already, during a recent trip to Paris, collected some humorous French drawings of a satological nature as wall decorations. The only one that I can now recall depicts a frightened dachshund looking at a wet umbrella which is distributing a puddle on the floor. "Mon Dieu," the dog is saying in French, "they will think it is I."

But the thing that really upsets me is the move afoot to get rid of poor Old Ned, who, as barman, is the spirit of the place itself. It is said correctly that Ned, in spite of his almost 40 years of loyal service at Happy Knoll, would never have been made head bartender here if Henri Racine had not been stolen under our very noses by the Hard Hollow Country Club. Old Ned is willing to tell anyone that he came to Happy Knoll as a local boy who did odd jobs on the golf course under Old Angus. He was admittedly never good with anything mechanical. Even today he often strips the gears of the electric mixer when he attempts to make a daiquiri. It is also true that Ned only became a barboy after he sprinkled salt on the 18th green, mistaking it for fertilizer. It is true that when Henri was abstracted in a most unsportsmanlike manner, Ned could not mix drinks as well as Henri. Indeed as of today if you ask for Scotch, Ned is only too apt to give you rye, and he pours quinine water into highballs instead of soda. His eyesight is not what it used to be and his coordination, never good, has not recently improved. Annually he gets more flustered at Saturday night dances and he is more and more prone to leave the bar and let younger members take his place.

But none of this is really the point. The point to consider is the loyalty, the friendship and deep interest that Ned has always shown for every member of Happy Knoll for whom he has

ever mixed a beverage, including that member's private life and his most confidential business affairs. Through the years Ned has developed an intuitive skill in estimating the incomes and inclinations of our members, and he is a walking encyclopedia about their pasts. Good old Ned! I do not mean for a moment that he talks out of school. Up to date he is the most closemouthed individual in existence and under the proper circumstances, will, I am sure, remain so. He has been and always must be a permanent feature of Happy Knoll. I frankly would not care to envisage my future or that of many others with Old Ned employed somewhere else, say in the bar or dining room at Hard Hollow.

You may think that I am implying that Old Ned is prying and inquisitive. I do not intend such a nonfactual criticism for a single moment. But Old Ned does radiate an atmosphere of unalloyed human sympathy, which Dr. Fosbrooke, our psychiatrist member, only the other day said he wished that he might emulate. Old Ned has only to nod his kind bald head surrounded now by his austerely close-clipped white hair to elicit immediate confidence. I am aware of this myself. Indeed I am often surprised later, on recalling things I have told Old Ned about Mrs. Horlick and our married daughter and our son's recent disastrous marriage. I have wondered sometimes whatever had induced me, not that I am worried for a moment about his discretion. He has never asked me a single question. Nevertheless, Old Ned plus even one Old-fashioned is often equal to an hour on the couch of a Vienna-trained analyst. The Men's Bar would not be the same place at all without Old Ned. It would cease to be a sanctum of the soul.

It is, of course, a truism that alcohol is apt to unleash loquacity, but there is more than this in the redolent atmosphere of the Men's Bar at Happy Knoll when, after a day on the links, or even the card room, Old Ned, behind that genial length of mahogany, offers you a glass. For one thing, you never can be sure how much will be in it. Sometimes I do suspect that the dear old rascal deliberately plays favorites and plies those who interest him most with more Happy Knoll spirits than he does the others. After all, can anyone—even you or I—enjoy everyone equally? And after all, must there not be long, dull periods in any bar like Happy Knoll where business, save for weekends and holidays, is seldom brisk until late afternoon? For instance, Old Ned, it would seem, has recently developed a

great fondness for Mr. Bert Byles, a new member of ours from Foxrun Road, and I can hardly blame Old Ned for this partiality after his hours of polishing and breaking glasses in a completely silent room, with all his friendly instincts frustrated. Mr. Byles, it seems, is an unusually outgoing person with an active thirst for sympathy, and he is beset by extreme difficulties, both personal and financial. It always does a lot of good to speak your troubles and to have Old Ned nod silently, and I may say in passing that other Men's Bar patrons are interested in the troubles of Mr. Byles, too, because he suffers out loud more eloquently than anyone else. Besides, it is very hard, I have found, in any barroom anywhere to avoid becoming deeply interested in another's domestic difficulties, since these always fall into the patterns that are in the nature of a common experience. But under the grave attention of Old Ned such disturbed confessions assume a new depth and a new value not unlike the program of a radio mediation hour.

As a small example of what I mean, it seems that Mrs. Byles is addicted to what one might term pursuit by telephone. Frequently Mr. Byles has been said to retreat to the bar weeping when he is being paged in other portions of the club, but when he sees old Ned with a bottle of bitters in his hand he knows that all is well.

Under Old Ned's auspices the Men's Bar at Happy Knoll is what General MacArthur might rightly term a privileged sanctuary for all husbands suffering from telephonic persecution. When the bar telephone rings and Old Ned

answers, you know that you are safe. His voice, which in his best years was hoarse and unmusical, now carries a conviction all its own. Even a Happy Knoll wife who knows that her husband is in the bar, believes momentarily that he is not when she hears Ned speak. It may be, as frequently happens, that she will call again five minutes later, but you are still safe because of Old Ned's magic. His negative is firmer on the second call, carrying with it an undertone of outraged dignity. Few wives excepting Mrs. Byles ever call a third time.

It has occasionally struck me as odd that Old Ned should have great difficulty in adding up his bar checks, because Old Ned actually has a fine head for business combinations. Our fellow member, H. J. Culbertson, would be the first to agree with this statement. You may remember that some years ago H. J. absorbed Pasqual Power in a rather spectacular manner. The transaction, as H. J. himself confessed to me later, had placed him under a very considerable nervous strain and, in seeking relaxation, he adjourned to the bar at Happy Knoll.

Without H. J.'s ever knowing how it happened, he found himself telling of the whole transaction to Old Ned, including certain details which H. J. frankly confesses he had never even told his lawyers. He still says that he is amazed and that Old Ned might have a "half nelson" on him if Old Ned should ever wish to use it. The truth was that Old Ned understood every one of the details that H. J. told him. It is a touching tribute to Old Ned that H. J. has never been worried for a single

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KINGS IN A CAULDRON

by WILLIAM WORDEN

IN HIS UNCERTAIN FINAL SUMMER, a king salmon fights his spawning instinct in a losing battle which leads him into shallow waters, increases his voracity and finally shatters his temper. Disturbed, he crosses the 50-fathom mark in the spring, lurks nearer and nearer to the mouth of the river where he was born, feeds constantly—a high-speed destroyer of everything smaller that swims in the ocean. His kill mounts daily, feeding his own muscles; and the berring wounded or shocked, the schools panicked by his savage strikes, provide easy provender for a retinue of scavengers, younger salmon, cod, crabs waiting to grab what the master drops.

In autumn, heavy with milt or eggs and no longer hungry, he—the masculine gender is used here for convenience but signifies no difference between the actions of the sexes—moves across a moaning bar toward fresh water and the spawning river which will be his deathbed. But anger has outlasted appetite, so he continues to strike furiously at whatever crosses his path, still killing after he has stopped eating, when his own flesh is darkening and near rot.

All of which is vastly important to the astonished village of Westport, Washington, which sits with a bay, fed by seven spawning rivers, at its back; miles of shallow ocean in front, and a wonderful, unbelievable, well-heeled, squirming and suicidal mass of salmon-seeking weekenders in its lap. Westport huddles on a thin peninsula between South Bay, a part of Grays Harbor, and the open ocean. In the chill and foggy dawn any Sunday morning sedans and trailers engulf the village, fighting for road room and parking space. Breakfast is something obtained on a restaurant assembly line, if at all. Five hundred to 2,000 bundled-up men, plus wives, children, dogs and sightseers, mill in a single street, buying rain gear from a clothing store open at 6 a.m., clamoring for herring, brushing rain off their hats and sand out of their teeth—and ignoring, almost to the last man, a bright red pennant flying from a lookout tower. Marine lifts groan on the shore, happy innocents struggle to carry motors from sedans to boats, and the funnel-shaped bay vibrates to the ill-tempered stuttering of reluctant engines.

All this activity proves, if anything, only that salmon sickness is a little worse than any other fishing disease—and that people suffering from it literally will do anything, up to and including drowning themselves. The open ocean won't stop them, deadly bars won't stop them, fog and wind and terrible stories won't stop them, and the forces of common sense and government can't.

Presently a marine parade begins. Out through the small end of the harbor funnel goes a charter boat, a 40-foot converted commercial troller with a weather-beaten

Scandinavian at the wheel and half a dozen customers—already slightly starry-eyed at the prospect of salmon—lolling in the stern. Immediately behind it comes a kicker boat, followed by scores of others. These, too, round the end of a sandspit, where a Coast Guard patrol boat rolls gently.

From this a boatswain bellows, "Storm warnings are up [that red pennant from the tower]. The tide's still going out. Stay inside until it turns. Watch for fog. Stay off that shallow water on the Middle Grounds. Don't go over the bar until the tide turns!"

Whereupon, outboard skippers nod vigorously, shout "O.K. Fine!" Then—about half of them take off with all 10 horsepower roaring, straight toward the dangerous Middle Grounds or the bar, where waves come in 30 feet high from a couple of odd directions and curl at the top every now and then. Sometimes they make it, sometimes they don't.

Grays Harbor includes 100 square miles of water, plus rivers, with an eight-foot average tide, and an entrance, between two three-mile-long jetties, which narrows to a mile and a quarter. Through this, 22,000,000,000 cubic feet of water must move every six hours—61,000,000 cubic feet a minute. The seaward 2,000 feet of the south jetty have sunk until only jagged pinnacles remain above water. The channel is only 47 feet deep. Beach currents set north at two miles an hour, and the normal summer wind blows southeast, at 10, or better.

Thus, the water situation on top of the bar is confused, at best, and at ebb tide becomes savage. Thirty-foot rollers follow the wind and on the bar meet the full force of the ebb, plus sneakers slipping over the broken jetty from the side. Something has to give—and in the process the water stands on end, shakes its tail, breaks, builds up monster whirlpools, escapes in vicious side currents, and then does it all over again.

A 40-foot patrol boat, slamming into this at 16 knots, climbs up and over, drops its bow 20 feet in a solid smash, takes white water bow to stern. A 35-foot troller, coming in, lays over until its racked trolling poles dip green from a wave alongside and the whole keel threatens to show. A tug takes a solid wave over the bow, water two feet deep in both scuppers. Once in a while a man on board one of these lives a long life in an instant when he looks straight down and sees sand between two waves.

This is the bar over which 25 commercial fishermen tried to run in a storm a couple of decades ago. Four lived to tell what happened. Half a dozen ships have died here, scattering their cargoes over 100 miles of beach. In less than 15 years, 38 deaths by drowning, most of them in the bar area, have been recorded at Westport.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURT GLENN

Ignoring storm warnings, 30-foot breakers and monster whirlpools, a fanatic group of salmon-seeking weekend fishermen regularly defy death in the angry waters off Westport, Wash. The prize that they seek: 40-pound king salmon lurking below in a graveyard that has claimed six ships and 38 lives.



Raging seas and jagged rocks all but obliterate the tiny boat of three fishermen intent on hooking a king-size prize

ROYAL SPORTS IN ANCIENT EGYPT

They were the pastime of kings and noblemen in the valley of the Nile, who hunted lions in the desert and speared and netted wild birds and fish of their great river



EGYPTIAN artists, through the many centuries of great empire under the Pharaohs in the Nile Valley, created indisputable masterpieces, not a few of which depicted sports. Many of them suffered the depredations of time and man and no longer remain to be admired. On these pages are some of the finest of those which survive, faithfully copied in Egypt by Nina M. Davies for the Oriental Institute. In time they cover several eras. The little painting at right, *Birds in an Acacia Tree*, dates from about 1900 B.C. The painting of the youthful King Tut'ankhamun (*below*) was done about 3,300 years ago. The fine hunting and fishing scenes on the next page are of an earlier period. Yet in each, one finds the same magnificent colors, the flawless sense of composition and the decorative richness of stylization. These are paintings of genre type, biographical in nature. They tell of pleasures enjoyed in earthly life, to be continued in life beyond the grave. The animals, birds and fish are among the classic wildlife paintings of all time.



Art paintings by personnel of the Oriental Institute, University of Chicago



"TUT'ANKHAMUN HUNTING LIONS" a decoration from the lid of a box for a young Pharaoh's tomb, is a scene of magnificence and violence.

Papyrus thickets on the banks of the Nile were fine hunting and fishing grounds for elite of Thebes, who made a day of sport into a family outing



"FISHING AND FOWLING IN THE MARSHES" shows the use of throwing stick and spear. At left the hunter holds live birds as decoys while a trained cat flushes the birds.



"HUNTING WILD FOWL IN THE MARSHES" again illustrates the throwing stick, the live decoys and the trained cat. The sportsman, accompanied by his wife and daughter, has nonchalantly draped lotus flowers over his shoulder, while his little girl keeps him from falling off the reed boat by hanging onto his leg.



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President KDYL, KTVI, the eyes and ears of radioactive Utah.



KING SALMON

continued from page 48

But a surprising number of the kickers make it. They go too fast, losing control. They come out with insufficient gasoline, no oars, their controls tied together with string. They operate with only a vague idea of where the channel is, with life preservers which wouldn't preserve a damp caterpillar.

They get hunk through pea-soup fogs which can drop down in minutes, or in winds that come up even faster. If they don't, the patrol goes after them, most of the time beats the ocean to its victims. Last year the Coast Guard rescued 34 persons from drowning, hauled in 690 people who would have had a long swim; gave major assistance to 19 craft and minor aid to 334 others.

Do statistics like these act as a deterrent? Not to these fishermen. So scores of 16-foot outboards come skittering out of the bay every weekend, not content to wait for tide or weather. Pump? Distress flare? Compass? What do you think we are, sissies?

Hell, man, the fish are biting out there. We've no time to fuss with details.

Perhaps it is because everybody understands a little of the excitement when a 40-pound king salmon decides that your heering is just what he wants for lunch. (This is mooching water, best fished with a 15-pound test line, a 10-pound leader, and a couple of ounces of lead, dangled from a drifting boat so that the water motion gives

the bait natural action, or stripped slowly if the water is too calm.)

A king puts up a nice fight, anywhere, but those of Westport run bigger and more hostile than most. With a nice sea heaving, a medium king can use up a couple of hundred yards of line before he takes his second wind. After that, it's a finish fight for half an hour, or three times that long if you're using lighter tackle. Kings weighing 63 pounds have been taken here, but not without an argument.

The Westport attraction is obvious from the chamber of commerce figures—46,000 kings and 22,000 silvers taken by sports fishermen in the 1955 checking season alone. Good fishing begins early in June and lasts through September, with few dull periods.

Of course, the fish have always been there, but the real oddity of this fishing is that virtually nobody did it before 1950. A sports troller from inside Grays Harbor now and then would drag a plug or some hardware out as far as the bar—but no farther. The water out there was much too dangerous. Then some unremembered adventurer heaved a herring overboard, just at the tips of the jetties, and let it wiggle. The results were too spectacular to keep to himself; and by 1951, the word had spread—everywhere except to the sleepy village of Westport. When would-be sports fishermen arrived, they found no boats, no restaurants,

virtually no town. A dozen commercial trollers, safe but unhandsome, bowed to the pressure of bills being waved in the air, took out sports fishermen—and could hardly believe their cash take by the end of the season. A couple of carpenters quickly knocked together some rental skiffs that winter, and the rush was on.

Today, Westport has 1,000 inhabitants, all happily engaged in serving the sports fishermen, one way or another, and at a price. A dozen motels, several restaurants and two bars offer beds, food and solace for bad fishing days. Eighty charter boats, capable of carrying some 500 fishermen at about \$10 each for six hours of fishing, operate on a bring-your-own-bait-and-chow basis.

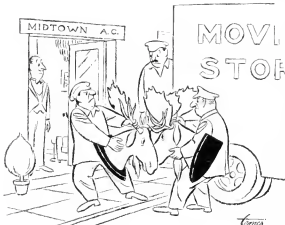
A hundred and fifty skiffs also are for rent; and there is no really accurate check on the trailer-towed boats which come down every weekend.

Considerable pointing of fingers is done at Westport to account for the mishaps and fatalities—careless renting and servicing of skiffs, inadequate fisherman-education, and overenthusiastic stories of the fishing being blamed most often. But even the Coast Guard lacks authority to force a fisherman to come in or stay in. They can warn but cannot prohibit except on the thin thread of "operating a watercraft in an unsafe manner." Otherwise, an outboarder who wishes to tell the patrol to get lost may do so—and some do. Then the patrol can do nothing except to go after him if they see him get into trouble or hunt for the body if they don't happen to see the accident.

So the rush continues. On a holiday weekend, 300 boats are caught outside by a sudden fog—and the patrol boat finally gets all of them in, without publicity. Fishermen follow salmon on the line over the treacherous Middle Grounds, and take personal umbrage when a wave breaks over them. Others blithely dangle herring just inside the broken jetty and resent being told to go away from there. Some try mixing a little Old Tiger Sweat with the fishing gear, and wonder why they feel unwell crossing the bar. A good many, seasoned veterans of outboarding on all five miles of Lake Winnonohoc, know perfectly well how to operate a kicker boat here, and nobody can tell them anything.

But the kings keep striking, and the thrill is terrific. So when somebody complains that "There ought to be a law," it's a little sad.

The fishermen aren't listening, and neither is the ocean. (END)



HAPPY KNOLL

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moment. The bar at Happy Knoll still is a privileged sanctuary.

It should be a source of pride to the club that an enormous amount of important business has been transacted in the bar. The stock of the P. W. Brakewight Company moved to a new majority ownership right under Old Ned's nose, aided by a few Manhattans but mostly by Old Ned's benign exterior. Several of our best tax lawyers have advised their clients regarding some very interesting methods of business deduction in the bar. There is no doubt that the membership of Happy Knoll comprises one of the finest groups in the world, but even at Happy Knoll there are mysteries. There is a family whose name I won't mention living on Foxglove Lane that broke up almost overnight. Old Ned knows the reason. A certain home on Willowrun Path burned very suddenly two years ago. Old Ned can tell you whether or not this fire was entirely accidental. You have undoubtedly heard repercussions of a flat fight in the card room last winter. Old Ned could tell you the reasons and the details blow by blow—if he could be induced to talk. But as someone said there only the other day, after choking down a third of Old Ned's whiskey sours that were mixed for some reason with ginger ale, nothing ever gets by Old Ned but nothing ever gets through him either.

I must assure you, quite frankly, Albert, that I am not retailing hearsay gossip. I know these things about Old Ned because he told them to me yesterday and a good deal more besides. It seems that poor Old Ned is just as worried as you and I are by this new element that wants to do over the Men's Bar. Poor Old Ned, who does hear everything, has of course heard that a small clique wants a newer, defter barkeeper. Naturally this makes Old Ned deeply disturbed, I might even say upset, and never in the years I have known him have I heard him talk as freely as he has in the last few days. In fact, he put his own case very eloquently to me only the other evening.

"I am close friends with many lovely and very important members at Happy Knoll," he said. "I think if you was to speak to them about me, they would hate to see me leave."

Frankly, I echo those sentiments, and I am willing to bet a lot of the old

continued on next page

TIP FROM THE TOP



from JIM FOGARTY, Sunset Country Club, St. Louis

For all golfers
except experts

Did you ever try to start a cold machine in high gear? If the machine moves at all, it does so only in jerks and jumps. The same holds true for a golfer. If he doesn't warm up before a round, and then during the round renew that sense of muscular suppleness so that he is in "the right gear" before he plays each shot, he too will move in jerks and jumps.

You have probably noticed how a baseball player regularly warms up before a game—which few golfers take the time to do—and also takes pains to stay relaxed throughout the game. When he enters the batter's box, he takes a couple of practice cuts to get loose and swings the bat back and forth to stay loose and relaxed as he waits for the pitch. In general, a golfer should do the same. After he has assumed his stance, instead of starting his swing from a dead stop, he should keep his hands in motion, moving the club slowly back and forth a few times, slightly above the ball and along the line of flight. Besides eliminating tension, these movements help a golfer to gain a feeling of the clubhead as well as a sense of his muscular play, and he can then slide into his swing with the smooth rhythm of motion necessary for any good stroke.



Jim Fogarty, preparing to play his drive, oscillates his club above the ball on the line of flight

NEXT WEEK: CARY MIDDLECOFF ON THE PUNCH SHOT



ASCENT OF MT. MEAGRE

by E. C. K. READ

IT WOULD APPEAR that an unordinate number of Englishmen and assorted Continentals, to say nothing of Sherpas, have been shuttling up and down the world's highest mountains recently. To a man, they have been ambushed at the bottom by literary agents and motion picture producers—fierce tribes which apparently abound in the foothills of the Himalayas.

While noteworthy, much of this activity can be viewed with an air of amused tolerance. You see, I'm something of a mountaineer myself—part of a local group of enthusiasts who, although we may not have got to the "roof of the world," have surely rattled some shingles in our suburban neck of the woods.

Our expedition was got together rather hastily. I was sipping a tall sling one torrid night during the monsoon season when the telephone rang. It was George Meagre.

"Hello," he said. "I'm in trouble."

"Well?" I said.

"My television aerial is down."

These were ominous words indeed. George owns a monstrous old pile of masonry. His aerial stands atop the loftiest pinnacle of the roof. True, the previous owner had in some way sealed this wind-swept crag to make the original installation but in Meagre's time it had remained unaesailed. Some months before, indeed, he had very nearly lost his life in an attempt to clean the leaves out of a downspout that lay well below the summit.

Nonetheless, George is not one to pay an outsider for a little repair job, and we formulated our plans that same night. We discussed and rejected several possible additions to the climbing party, finally settling on Harris Teal who was well known for intrepid work in retrieving his kid's box kite

from various high points around town.

The runs stopped on the following morning, and Teal and I arrived at the foot of Meagre's soaring edifice toward noon. Meagre had already established Base Camp No. 1 in the kitchen near the refrigerator, and one of the native bearers (Mrs. Meagre) had been dispatched to obtain adequate supplies of beer and dill pickles.

As to the route of our trek, Meagre had the idea that an easy ascent could be made up the staircase and thence onto the roof through an attic window. The shrewder Teal, however, was quick to point out that the window passage gave access to the treacherous south face, so steep as to afford only the most precarious footing. He favored the east face. This, he pointed out, had a longer but more gradual slope whose lower

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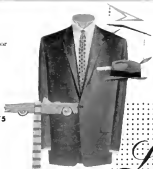
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HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 55

crowd and even some of the new crowd will, too. Happy Knoll would not be the same place without Old Ned. His disappearance would give a lot of members, including myself, a very real attack of mental anguish. I do not mean that Old Ned would not be a true-blue Happy Knoller no matter where he might end up, but I know you will agree with me he had better stay right here. It is true that he is not improving. It might be well to have a younger man to mix the drinks, but let's keep Old Ned behind the bar.

Several of us are already circulating a petition to this effect, and you may be interested to know that Mr. H. J. Culbertson, Mr. Byles, five of our best corporation lawyers and one of our bank presidents have not only signed but are calling up their friends. In fact, the sentiment for keeping Old Ned is becoming a landslide. The subject will be discussed at the next meeting of the Board of Governors. I don't think there will be any difficulty, but it might be as well if you would write a confirming letter, since you have been around the bar a good deal yourself. All you need to say is: "Should old acquaintance be forgot? Keep Old Ned."

Cordially yours,
Roger Horlick

ANNIVERSARY



Twenty-one years ago this week Har-
old S. Vanderbilt's yacht *Rainbow*
defeated Thomas Octave Murdoch
Sopwith's *Endeavour* to retain the
America's Cup for the U.S. It was
one of 16 British attempts to recap-
ture the Cup since they had lost it in
1851. Sopwith shipped his blue
sloop to a quick brace of victories in
the four-out-of-seven-race match,
and although *Endeavour* was the fa-
vorite, Vanderbilt's superior sailing
won the next four events. In 1937
England again failed to regain the
Cup. It has not been challenged since.

MT. MEAGRE

continued

end could be readily laddered from the ground, I concurred.

Meagre was selected to make the climb to the eaves while Teal and I, nearly overcome by thirst, returned to Base Camp No. 1 for supplies. Meagre, meanwhile, reconnoitered the base of the slope.

When we returned he reported from the top of his ladder 1) that he had discovered two old tennis balls and a wren's nest in the roof gutter and 2) that the shingles had a slippery quality which convinced him that he should go no farther. Meagre's nerve had failed him.

Signaling our fainthearted comrade to remain where he was, Teal and I held a hasty conference. I suggested to Teal that he was admirably fitted to take over where Meagre had left off.



Teal then showed his true colors by declining the assignment himself while, in the same breath, urging me to assault the slope.

Clearly, compromise was necessary to preserve the morale of the expedition, so Teal and I decided to give Meagre a chance to save face. A rope would bolster his courage. We fetched one forthwith from the garage, making only the briefest of stops at Base Camp No. 1 en route.

Meagre was then directed to stand by at the eaves while we threw the rope around the chimney with the aid of a small rock attached to its end. The rock narrowly missed Meagre on the way down, causing him to make re-

continued on next page



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MT. MEAGRE

continued

marks not in keeping with Hillarian tradition. We overlooked this, coolly observing that, thanks to us, he was now out of danger. He could make his way up the roof by going hand over hand along the rope to the chimney, whence a traverse to the site of the fallen TV aerial was an easy matter.

Meagre snorted rudely but seemed to have got hold of himself. In spite



of his attitude, Teal and I were able to muster a cheer as he disappeared into the swirling mists at the 30-foot level.

For the next hour or so we had to swallow our disappointment at not making the ascent, contenting ourselves with frequent trips to the base camp where we engaged in light banter with Mrs. Meagre, Mrs. Teal and others who had dropped in from neighboring base camps. Once we even threw Meagre an extra pair of pliers when he carelessly allowed his own to slide into a crevasse.

It seemed like ages before we caught sight of him making his way down the mountain. He was overtired and emotionally unstable, if not a little supercooled around the gills. As a matter of fact, though the weather was tolerably warm, he resembled nothing so much as the Abominable Snowman.

His only remarks were to the effect that the least we could do would be to retrieve the empty beer cans which twinkled here and there on the surrounding lowlands.

One of the native bearers told us later that Meagre spent the rest of the day sulking. It's a pity that his fit of depression—possibly induced by lack of oxygen or oversensitivity to scattered beer cans—should have marred an otherwise perfect climb. (END)

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

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SO—season opened (or opened); **SC**—season closed (or closed); **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or roily; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WT**—water temperature 50°; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor.

TROUT: MICHIGAN: Black, Pigeon and Jordan rivers were last week's top rainbow producers among special-mission streams now open; Yellow Jacket streamer in best bet among flies, says ang. Manistee River FG below Tippy, and OG for all open streams as runs should increase through next 10 days.

WISCONSIN: Fall rainbow runs up special-season rivers (from Lake Superior) hadn't developed last week, but are due any day, and OG.

COLORADO: Yampa River L, C, FG with flies and bait; OF/G; Gunnison River L, C, FG, OF; East River, Taylor River and Quartz Creek L, C, FF with flies, bait, and spinners; OG; Tomsika, Snake and Henson rivers VL, C, FP; OF; San Cristobal and Crystal lakes and Taylor Reservoir C, FF for trout; OF; Colorado River (Bitter) L, C, FF with flies; OG; Big Thompson River L, C, FF with flies; FG with bait in deep holes; OF; North Fork of Big Thompson L, VC, FF, OF with flies; Troublesome and Blackfoot creeks L, C, FG with flies; OF; G. Fish Creek and Buffalo Park Lakes full, FG with flies and spinners, OG.

MONTANA: Best fishing of season reported from most Montana streams, with fine catches on wet and dry fly from Yellowstone, Madison, Big Hole, Beaverhead and Ruby rivers; OG. Early and early evening Spring creeks in Livingston area producing fat, many brown and rainbow for dry-fly experts (but these 10- to 15-inchers aren't anything larger than 10 fly on 4X line); OG; through October in all streams and lakes.

CALIFORNIA: Heavy rains over northern part of state doated forest fire, broke hot spell and started fish moving in most waters. Best bets in the area upper Sacramento streams, Gruniput and head of Shasta Lake, North Fork of Feather River near Searles, both producing wild trout to 2 pounds. Truckee River improving, with veteran fishermen finding FVG and OG; Yuba, Mokelumne and Feather rivers FP; OF. Fewer water control along South Fork of Kings River, but fishing spotty; OF; Tuolumne and Kaweah rivers L, W 16-24 lb; FG for planted trout. East slope of Sierra improving as weather cools; OG for fly-fishing in Hot Creek, upper Owens River, Grant and Silver lakes, upper Rush Creek and Sullivan, Webb, Wash, Clark, Davis and Thousand Islands lakes (dressed by pack trip); FVG in all high lakes as first frosts put ice on feeding spree; Ginger Quill and Gray Hawks flies most favored patterns, wet or dry.

MAINE: Forests closed as account of sea hazard will probably be closed this week, and Governor Robert Stryker says fishing and hunting seasons will be extended to make up for days lost by closure. Meanwhile fishermen are finding good sport in northern Idaho lakes with trolled lures and in rivers with bait; Moose River high-rated in area, FVG in main Salmon between North Fork and Sheep, and in South fork of Payette between Warm Springs Creek and Loomis, but agent says hottest spots in state are Island Park Reservoir and Henry's Lake, where spin fishermen were limiting on rainbows to 5 pounds. For stream fishermen Henry's Park of Snake River and Hot Carcass on the Snake are good bets this week and next.

NEW MEXICO: OG on all streams as cooler weather whets trout appetite; Chama and Brazos rivers FVG, OFG for dry-fly fishes.

OREGON: Troutling stocked off in most lakes and rivers last week as cold snap numbed fish; outlook poor.

WASHINGTON: The rains ended, and 2-month SO Sept. 15 and had lead back at Friday Creek and Smith River, on sea-run spots to 8 1/2 pounds surged up, freshed streams and gold-bell spinners, flies and single eggs; area west of highway bridge on Sarawh was hot last week.

and should strike through this week. Lowland streams in western state now at peak of season for sea-run salives and dottle, fly-fishermen can pick any bias spot on map at timelime and be certain of fine trip (but get into high lakes soon, as first snow fall at 5,000 feet and higher in western Cascades last week).

ONTARIO: If you want a big rainbow trout, hurry to Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron and dunk live crawfish in Manitou River. Pools are holding 10-pounders, and most of those caught will fall to bait or flat plug.

MUSKELLUNG: ONTARIO: FG in most waters of province, hottest spots in Lake Nipissing. Bay of Quinte, Bay near North Bay and weed beds off Cache Bay near Sturgeon Falls. Moose River near Parry Sound and weed beds in French River are trailing wobbler plugs with red-and-white favored color combinations. Cooler weather should produce faster action, and OG.

WISCONSIN: Last week's hot weather put muskellong off feed, but OG when overdue cool weather sets in. Means some action reported from Round Lake, Couders Lake and Bay of Islands.

NEW YORK: Action continues broke in Cape Vincent area of St. Lawrence River and OG; Chautauque Lake spot says muskies are beginning to respond to live bait at night but trailing a bit, most productive during daylight hours; OG through Oct. 15.

PENNSYLVANIA: Trollers reported two 20-pounders at Tionesta Dam last week, and outlook is fair.

BLUEFISH: MASSACHUSETTS: Blues were still trailing nicely off the south side of the Cape last week and around the western approaches to Cape Cod, but still in vicinity; OG. Best lure, midget pepper fished slowly with slight jerk of rod tip.

NORTH CAROLINA: Blues in 4-pound class reported in surf at Cape Hatteras, with tin-squidlers leading good sport, and OG.

NEW JERSEY: Bluefish still large and abundant in north Jersey waters, but schools are scattering; concentrations are caught at Shrewsbury Rocks, 17 Fathom and Klenzie banks. Surf fishing is excellent for fish to 5 pounds from Manasquan south, but few were in surf last week at northern beaches. Best surf areas are Point Pleasant, Manasquan, Seaside Heights and Pappas Estate, squidders and plugmen taking fish, but butterfish still getting biggest play from fish (averaging 3 pounds) and fishermen (averaging 165 pounds). OG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Nashua River, L, FP, OF; AT ARTHUR'S Pool on St. John River, FF but OG through this month, with a few 20-pounders showing FVG on Mann Southwest, Miramichi, FF on Northwest Miramichi, FP on Yaboussin, Grisle, May Lodge and all-black flies are best products. All rivers are low, but OG next two weeks.

NOVA SCOTIA: Cape Breton's Margaret River, a late-season stream, produced 74 salmon to 28 pounds last week and should be hot until SC Sept. 30; OG Oct. 15 in some Nova Scotian rivers with later runs.

LANDLOCKED SALMON: MAINE: "Anglers coming down September stretch like Natives," says down-East agent; Rangely, Sebago, Moosehead, Umbagog, Moosehead, East and West Grand lakes are all yielding fine fish on salmon and flies. Bragant Greeneye Cyp of Waterville set pace for state with 5-pounder butter on 3-8 streamer.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: North Fork of Trinity is loaded with steelhead; lower El, Klamath and main Trinity rivers are improving, and OF/G.

BLACK BASS: MICHIGAN: Undercover man says smallmouths biting so feverishly through slate that anglers can't wear cut licks. FG.

FLORIDA: FG in lakes and ponds of central state as rising stained water levels in many streams, and OF through September; Good produce in this section in phosphate pits south of Lakeland, where deep-running plugs yield catches averaging 4 pounds; OG/G.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Reservoir bass are moving into shallow water and assaulting surface plugs and spoons; fly-rod bugs and poppers should get good results; OF/G.

MICHIGAN: Lake Tawasomago C, N, FG; FG with top-water lures producing bass to 6 pounds; OG; Lake Bull Shoals (upper part) clear but about 10 feet below normal and dropping 4 inches a day. However, FG with top-water lures, and OG.

NEVADA: Lake Hollow Reservoir FG and OG as cooling surface waters bring bass back to upper levels and in range of surface lures (but deep cooling is still best method if you want one for over the month). Early morning fishing over 4 pounds; FG in Stargazer Reservoir, and with productive, Center Hill Reservoir FG and OG; with Roy Hildgens of Sparta boasting two smallmouths over 5 1/2 pounds last week. Kentucky Reservoir FG and OG as big large- and smallmouths are being caught in 10- to 15-foot show interval in surface lures. Our guy says Chesham Lake, recently man-made lake near Ashland City, is giving up big bass and walleyes; FG in Stargazer Reservoir.

PENNSYLVANIA: Allegheny River is quiet except between Franklin and Kentersville where occasional 2-pounders will molest bait or lure, OG as nights lead water; run cooler. In central Pennsylvania, FG in Susquehanna, Conemaugh, Tuscarora and Juniata rivers and Sherman's Creek; best spots on Susquehanna are vicinity of Taylor Bridge at Harrisburg and below the Deck Dam in same area; OG.

LOUISIANA: A 70-bus ride from downtown New Orleans to City Park will put you in range of a lagoon full of bigmouth bass, now starting to develop cool-weather appetites. Not the state's hottest fishing, but the handiest.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Lower rivers, now L, C, with large schools of fishermen in every good pool. Skagit River crammed with terrific trophy trout; FVG with June bug spinner-ventures, Colorado spinners, Indiana spinners, assorted spoons, wobblers and spinners. Reef-nets off Lummi Island's Ledge Bay taking cohoes to 6 pounds and springs to 10 but not 15; OG. Best spot for cohoes is at South Fork of Cattle Point at south end of San Juan Island, but water is rough and hard to fish. Ledge Bay to Lummi Rocks favored for blackmouths and silver salmon. Run of springs is about ended until late January.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Tyee Club records closed at Campbell River Sept. 15 after second-best season on record, with 268 fish over 50 pounds (including 7 over 60, 58 over 50, 160 over 40). Silvers now coming to the fore, with rods averaging 3 to 4 fish to 18 pounds from Duncan Bay, FVG off Cape Mudge, FG at Babes Beach, Quatnam, French Creek, with some springs to 20 pounds; FG in all other areas. Put in good numbers reported just outside Cowichan Bay, which should be hot any day now. In general, OFG for silvers, with flies and smallspoos best except in stormy weather.

CALIFORNIA: More rain is needed to start big run, but Klamath is picking up. Outside Golden Gate, party boats are limiting, with occasional big fish boated. Waters off Fort Bragg and Noyo River still tops in state, and OG.

OREGON: Salmon finally arrived at Yaquina Bay at Newport last Friday, with many fine catches reported; herring in best bait, and fish are running to 15 pounds; OG. Most coastal streams are loaded with salmon, and fly-rodgers using egg-cluster baits are making good catches of jacks to 4 pounds; fastest sport is in upper reaches of tide water and lower fresh-water stretches.

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2—drawing by John Rusk; 10, 11—drawing by Amy Lark; 13—drawing by John Rusk; 24, 25—drawing by John Rusk; 26—drawing by John Rusk; 27—drawing by John Rusk; 28—drawing by John Rusk; 29—drawing by John Rusk; 30—drawing by John Rusk; 31—drawing by John Rusk; 32—drawing by John Rusk; 33—drawing by John Rusk; 34—drawing by John Rusk; 35—drawing by John Rusk; 36—drawing by John Rusk; 37—drawing by John Rusk; 38—drawing by John Rusk; 39—drawing by John Rusk; 40—drawing by John Rusk; 41—drawing by John Rusk; 42—drawing by John Rusk; 43—drawing by John Rusk; 44—drawing by John Rusk; 45—drawing by John Rusk; 46—drawing by John Rusk; 47—drawing by John Rusk; 48—drawing by John Rusk; 49—drawing by John Rusk; 50—drawing by John Rusk; 51—drawing by John Rusk; 52—drawing by John Rusk; 53—drawing by John Rusk; 54—drawing by John Rusk; 55—drawing by John Rusk; 56—drawing by John Rusk; 57—drawing by John Rusk; 58—drawing by John Rusk; 59—drawing by John Rusk; 60—drawing by John Rusk; 61—drawing by John Rusk; 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HANK GREENBERG GALLOPS ACROSS PLATE TO SCORE HIS GAME-WINNING SECOND HOME RUN IN VITAL 1934 THRILLER AGAINST THE RED SOX

YESTERDAY

AGONY IN DETROIT

In the throes of a pennant fight in 1934 the Tigers' great star, Hank Greenberg, wrestled with a problem of conscience. For the frenzied Detroit fans, the suspense was awful

by KYLE CRICHTON

MILWAUKEE is a great baseball town and the Milwaukeeans ate their hearts out trying to win a pennant. They don't know how well off they are in second place. The minute a pennant is won, the blush is off the rose. Furthermore, they would have suffered so intensely before the pennant was clinched that the town would have been a nervous wreck and the victory wouldn't have been worth it.

If you think this is exaggerated, let me tell you about Detroit in 1934. The Tigers had not had a pennant since Ty Cobb days, and it seemed they were never going to make it again.

Then came the break and the pennant loomed right up there before them. This is when Detroit went mad. Everybody waited in twisted anguish for the victory that would finally clinch it, and that victory simply wouldn't come. One more defeat at that particular moment would have been the signal for a mass suicide not equalled since the lemmings last marched into the sea. I've known tension in my time, but nothing like Detroit in 1934.

I was out there doing an article on Henry Ford, and Mr. Ford kindly placed a car and chauffeur at my disposal. He wanted me to see Dearborn

and Greenfield Village, and I was eager to see them. The car was waiting for me after lunch on my first visit to the River Rouge plant, and I started out with every intention of doing my duty. Everybody in Detroit but Mr. Ford was talking baseball and I mentioned it to the driver and the result was electrifying. He wheeled the car abruptly about in the middle of a crowded highway and started hell-bent in the other direction.

"Where you going?" I yelled.
"Hang on," howled the driver. "We can just make it!"
"Make what?"

"The first inning!" he shrieked above the roar of the wind.

He had whipped off his hat, had his left elbow stuck through the side window and was driving like a maniac. I pinned him down when we stopped at the first light.

"We gotta get this one today," he explained in tortured tones. "We'll murder them A's!"

He yanked a folded newspaper out of his pocket and pointed frantically at a box on the front page.

"Read that!" he yelled.

This was my introduction to Iffy the Dopester. My first feeling was that Iffy had become hopelessly entangled in his own prognostications. If the Yanks did this and the Indians did that and the Browns, by some fluke, should happen to do this . . . the result would be great for the Tigers. On the other hand, it would be equally fine if the Yanks failed to do this and the Indians succeeded in doing that and the White Sox came through, as any decent American League team had a right to do occasionally.

I became engrossed in Iffy and was only faintly aware that my man was weaving through traffic like a cobra, beating lights, frightening off trucks and finally arriving in a parking lot with a magnificent screeching of brakes and scraping of fenders. We ran for the ticket windows, hurtled through the turnstile, scrambled to our seats—and found the game would start in exactly 35 minutes.

This gave me time to look around.

THE MOURNERS ARRIVE

The Detroit crowd was filling to its pews like mourners in a cathedral. They spoke in muted tones, seemed to walk on padded feet and hunched their shoulders in apprehension. They watched infield practice through misty, frightened eyes and the silence was so profound that the crack of a bat sounded like atomic artillery. Down on the field the Tigers acted like doomed men. The Athletics, gay and frolicsome, seemed devilishly frivolous.

When they started, the hopeless A's began playing 400 miles over their heads. Fielders climbed distant walls and robbed Tigers of sure three-baggers. Double plays flowed from the previously porous A's infield with the brilliance and rapidity of light. Nothing the gray and haggard Tigers did turned out right. Only the superlative pitching of Schoolboy Rowe kept them in the game.

As for me, I was exercising the American prerogative of rooting for the

underdog. In the tomblike silence of the ball park, my applause for the A's sounded like the clap of doom. I even made some hilarious side remarks which, I realized later, might have got me killed. What stopped me was a nice-looking young man at my left, who looked out on the diamond with the tortured gaze of a martyr. He finally turned to me and spoke in a voice of soft pleading.

"I know you're only needing us," he said, "and it's all in fun, but please don't do it. . . . I can't stand it."

This touched me; I say it without shame. It was clear that I was in the midst of a civic phenomenon out of which either mutiny or a new spirit of morality might arise. I turned immediately into a dedicated follower of the faith. Connie Mack was a nice old man, but his A's were going nowhere and I very much wanted to be part of the spiritual crusade the Tigers were leading.

For five consecutive days Mr. Ford tried to get in a reference to Greenfield Village, but each time I headed him off with a leading question that kept him tied up for an hour. I think the baseball bug had hit *me* by this time, for his failure to press me seemed significant. Every afternoon I was down at the ball park leading the congregation in putting the whammy on the Boston Red Sox, who were acting as uppity as

the departed A's. It took full afternoons of muttered maledictions and prayers to pull the Tigers through.

And then there was the alarming crisis of Hank Greenberg and Rosh Hashana. The town was in an uproar over the fact that Hank might not be able to play on this holy day of his faith. Replacing Hank on first by Marv Owen and putting Heinie Schube or Flea Clifton on third might be the blow that would ruin the Tigers. On the day in question, the newspapers had extras every half hour. Hank has left his house; Hank has not left his house; Hank is headed for the synagogue; Hank is headed for the ball park. Iffy the Dopester had reached a point of mental derangement. Along with the White Sox and Indians and Yanks, he was now tangled up with the Old Testament. Hank played and hit two home runs against Boston and that just about did it. I wept openly; everybody did.

I had to leave shortly after that and don't know how Detroit got back to normal. Mr. Ford was definitely bored with my presence, my editors were howling for my return and I missed the parades and hullabaloo that followed the pennant clinching. That may have relieved the tension, and the Cards in the World Series certainly brought them to earth with a bang, but my recovery took years to complete. (END)



WINNING COMBINATION for the Tigers included the batting of Hank Greenberg (left), pitching of Schoolboy Rowe (center) and managing of Mickey Cochrane (right).

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO; ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

September 23 through October 2

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Baseball

- Boston vs. New York, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. E.D.T. (Mutual*)
- Global World Series (Amateurs), Milwaukee.

Boxing

- Tiger Jones vs. Chris Christensen, middleweights, Cleveland Arena (30 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC).

Football

- S. California vs. Oregon, Los Angeles (M).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Auto Racing

- NASCAR late model 300-m. race, Hickory, N.C.

Baseball

- Game of the Week (CBS*)
- Chicago vs. Kansas City, Comiskey Park, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.S.T. (Mutual*)

Football

- (Leading college games)

FAST

- Army vs. Furman, West Point, N.Y.
- Columbia vs. Brown, New York, 2 p.m. E.D.T.
- Colgate vs. Dartmouth, Hamilton, N.Y.
- Holy Cross vs. Temple, Worcester, Mass.
- Maryland vs. UCLA, College Pk., Md.
- Navy vs. William & Mary, Annapolis, Md.
- Penn vs. Virginia Tech, Philadelphia
- Penn State vs. Boston U., University Pk., Pa. (CBS*)
- Men to watch: Steve's Leroy Moore (42) & Season's Kne Hagerstrom (31).
- Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, N.J.
- Syracuse vs. Pitt, Syracuse, N.Y., 1:35 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC*)
- Men to watch: Syracuse's Jimmy Brown (44) & Pitt's Conny Salaverra (11)
- Villanova vs. Baylor, Philadelphia (H)
- Yale vs. Connecticut, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Arkansas vs. Okla. A&M, Little Rock, Ark. (H)
- Florida vs. Georgia Tech, Gainesville, Fla.
- Georgia vs. Vanderbilt, Athens, Ga.
- Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Lexington, Ky. (H)
- N. Carolina vs. Oklahoma, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- O. State vs. Oiler, Raleigh, N.C. (H)
- Rice vs. Alabama, Houston, Tex. (H)
- Tennessee vs. Miss. State, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Texas vs. Tulane, Austin, Tex. (H)
- Texas A&M vs. LSU, Dallas (H)
- Texas Tech vs. TCU, Lubbock, Tex., 2 p.m. C.S.T.*
- Men to watch: Tech's Kirkpatrick (22) & TCU's Jimmy Swink (23)

WEST

- Indiana vs. Michigan State, Bloomington, Ind., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS*, TV; Mutual*)
- Men to watch: Indiana's Mel Campbell (49) & State's Clarence (H) Peaks (26)
- Iowa vs. Kansas State, Iowa City
- Kansas vs. Washington State, Lawrence, Kan.
- Michigan vs. Missouri, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Washington, Minneapolis
- Northwestern vs. Miami (O.), Evanston, Ill.
- Notre Dame vs. SMU, South Bend, Ind., 2 p.m. C.D.T. (NBC*)
- Men to watch: Notre Dame's Paul Haring (5) & SMU's Don McIlhenny (37)
- Ohio State vs. Nebraska, Columbus, O.
- Purdue vs. Col. of Pac., Lafayette, Ind.
- Wisconsin vs. Marquette, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

- California vs. Illinois, Berkeley, Calif., 2 p.m. P.O.T. (CBS*)
- Men to watch: Cal's Ken Carmichael (29) & Ill.'s Ricky Bates (44)
- Oregon State vs. Stanford, Portland, Ore. (H)

(Professionals)

- Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m. E.D.T. (De Mont*-TV, Mutual*-radio)

Horse Racing

- United Nations Handicap, \$100,000, 1/316 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, 5 p.m. E.D.T. (CBS*)
- Sydney Stakes, \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- Bay Meadows Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

Motorboating

- NOA stock outboard championships, Loudon Lake, Nashville, Tenn. (until Sept. 26).

Softball

- President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D.C.

Steeplechase Racing

- New Jersey Hunt Cup, Fair Hills, N.J.

Tennis

- Pacific Coast championships, Berkeley, Calif.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Auto Racing

- NASCAR late model 300-m. race, Hillsboro, N.C.

Baseball

- Boston vs. New York, Fenway Pk., Boston, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Air Force championships, Donaldson AFB, S.C.

Football

- (Professionals)
- Baltimore vs. Chicago Bears, Baltimore, 2:05 p.m.*
- Cleveland vs. Washington, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.*
- Green Bay vs. Detroit, Green Bay, 1:35 p.m. C.S.T.
- San Francisco vs. Los Angeles, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T. (ABC*)

Tennis

- Pacific Southwest finals, Los Angeles.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

Boxing

- Neal Rivers vs. Billy Dawson, middleweights, SL Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (Du Mont)
- Paddy DeMarco vs. Jackie Blaw, lightweights, Delois (10 rds.).

Football

- Pittsburgh vs. Chicago Cards, Pittsburgh, 7:35 p.m.

Golf

- PGA Seniors championship, Nashville, Tenn.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Horse Racing

- Bloomsburg Fair Stake, \$15,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Bloomsburg, Pa.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Baseball

- World Series opener, Brooklyn Dodgers vs. American League champion, American League City, 12:45 p.m. (NBC-color TV; Mutual-radio).

Boxing

- Bobby Boyd vs. Gene Fuller, middleweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 8 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Auto Racing

- Nat'l. Hot Rod Assn. Drag Racing championships, Great Bend, Kan. (until Oct. 2)

Baseball

- World Series (second game), Brooklyn Dodgers vs. American League champion, American League City, 12:45 p.m. (NBC-color TV; Mutual-radio)

Boxing

- Johnny O'Brien vs. Fern Gagnon, for N. American bantamweight title, Portland, Me. (15 rds.).

Golf

- Rotary Open, Huntington, N.Y. (until Oct. 2)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Baseball

- World Series (third game), Brooklyn Dodgers vs. American League champion, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV; Mutual-radio)

Boxing

- Willie Troy vs. Chuck Speiser, light heavyweights, Washington, D.C. (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (NBC)

Football

- Miami vs. Florida State, Miami, Fla., 9:15 p.m. (Mutual*)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1

Auto Racing

- SCCA Continental Divide Rally, Durango, Calif.

Baseball

- World Series (fourth game), Brooklyn Dodgers vs. American League champion, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 12:45 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC-color TV; Mutual-radio)

Football

- (Leading college games)

FAST

- Army vs. Penn State, West Point, N.Y.
- Cornell vs. Colgate, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, Hanover, N.H.
- Harvard vs. Massachusetts, Cambridge, Mass.
- Princeton vs. Columbia, Princeton, N.J.
- Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, Conn.
- SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
- Arkansas vs. TCU, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Baylor vs. Maryland, Waco, Tex. (M*)
- Georgia Tech vs. SMU, Atlanta
- Kentucky vs. Villanova, Lexington, Ky. (H)
- N. Carolina State vs. N. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
- Rice vs. LSU, Houston, Tex. (H)
- S. Carolina vs. Navy, Columbia, S.C.
- Tennessee vs. Oiler, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Tulane vs. Northwestern, New Orleans
- Vanderbilt vs. Alabama, Nashville, Tenn. (H)

WEST

- Illinois vs. Iowa State, Champaign, Ill.
- Kansas State vs. Nebraska, Manhattan, Kan.
- Marquette vs. Tulsa, Milwaukee (H)
- Michigan vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Purdue, Minneapolis
- Missouri vs. Utah, Columbia, Mo.
- Notre Dame vs. Indiana, South Bend, Ind.
- Oklahoma vs. Pitt, Norman, Okla., 1:45 p.m. C.S.T. (Mutual*)
- Oklahoma A&M vs. Texas Tech, Stillwater, Okla.
- Missouri vs. Iowa, Melfron, Wis.

FAR WEST

- California vs. Penn. Berkeley, Calif.
- Oregon vs. Washington, Portland, Ore. (H)
- Stanford vs. Ohio State, Palo Alto, Calif., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC)
- Men to watch: Stanford's Bill Tarr (30) & State's Howland (Hopsalong) Cassidy (40)
- Washington State vs. UCLA, Pullman, Wash.

(Professionals)

- Baltimore vs. Detroit, Baltimore, 7:30 p.m. (TV*)
- Mutual*-radio)
- Philadelphia vs. Washington, Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m.*

Horse Racing

- Woodward Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- C. W. Bidwell Memorial Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne, Chicago.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2

Auto Racing

- SCCA sports car races, Catalina Island, Calif.

Baseball

- World Series (fifth game, if necessary), Brooklyn Dodgers vs. American League champion, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. (NBC-color TV; Mutual-radio)

Football

- Chicago Cards vs. New York, Chicago, 1:05 p.m.
- C.S.T. (Du Mont*-TV, Mutual*-radio)
- Green Bay vs. Chicago Bears, Green Bay, Wis., 1:35 p.m. C.S.T.
- Los Angeles vs. Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, 3 p.m. P.S.T. (ABC*)
- San Francisco vs. Cleveland, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.

Hockey

- Detroit Red Wings vs. NHL All-Stars, Detroit.

Motorboating

- Int'l. Cup Regatta, Elizabeth City, N.C.

*See local listing.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

SIR: IN YOUR SEPT. 19 ISSUE JIMMY JEMAL ASKED WHICH CHAMPION WOULD WIN IN A FREE-FOR-ALL, BOXER ROCKY MARCIANO OR WRESTLER LOU THESZ. THIS QUESTION CAN DEFINITELY BE ANSWERED BY HAVING MARCIANO AND THESZ MEET. I PROPOSE TO PROMOTE SUCH A MATCH AT THE COLISEUM IN HOUSTON WHERE I HAVE PROMOTED WRESTLING FOR THE PAST 35 YEARS. I WILL PAY ALL EXPENSES INCURRED IN SUCH PROMOTION AND WILL PERSONALLY POST A PURSE OF \$25,000 FOR THE WINNER OF THE MATCH. IN ADDITION ALL PROCEEDS FROM THE GATE WILL BE DONATED TO THE RARE DEDMON ZAHARIAS CANCER FUND. I HAVE ALREADY CONTACTED LOU THESZ AND HE IS NOT ONLY AGREEABLE BUT ANXIOUS FOR THE CHANCE TO HAVE THIS QUESTION ANSWERED. IF THE MATCH CANNOT BE MADE UNTIL AFTER SEPT. 29 THESZ WILL MEET THE HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION WHOEVER HE MAY BE.

MORRIS F. SIGEL

GULF ATHLETIC CLUB
HOUSTON, TEXAS

HELPLESS MARCIANO

SIR: I WAS AMUSED BY SOME OF THE ANSWERS TO JIMMY JEMAL'S HOTBOX QUERY, "Could Thesz beat Marciano in a free-for-all?" The question is a little like asking, "Could a squash player beat a handball player?"

For all its ruggedness, boxing is a somewhat handicapped activity. The boxer must deliver his blows a certain way, he can't seize an opponent's arm, tackle him, or use his legs as offensive weapons. Defensively, he is accustomed to protecting himself only from the waist up. He is absolutely helpless once off his feet.

I don't doubt that Marciano, who is the most wrestlerlike boxer since Tony Galento, would give a good account of himself for a

full second and a half. But then Thesz, or any good college middleweight for that matter, would either slip around behind him or leg-dive him and that would be the end of Rocky.

REX LARDNER

New York

5 TO 1 ON LOU

SIR:

I've been in quite a few arguments since Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX (31, Sept. 19). This is quite an interesting question. I think Thesz should win. So, some wrestlers are clowns but others aren't. The matches have to look interesting. That's what makes pro wrestling popular.

Rocky said, "Jimmy, why don't you and I promote this fight?" etc. If there were such a fight, I'd give 5 to 1 odds on Lou Thesz winning it.

FREDERICK B. RODGERS

Slingerlands, N.Y.

PAIN IN THE FACE

SIR:

I'd like to see it, but I don't think you'll ever get Marciano and Thesz in the same ring. Each would rather keep on bragging that he would murder the other one, and steer clear of the showdown.

But if it did happen, I would put my money on Marciano. Answering Jimmy Jemal's question, Rocky said, "I'd bet his brains out." He would, too, and for once the pained look on a wrestler's face would be the real thing.

MORTON K. GAITHER

St. Louis

NO PUNCH LEFT

SIR:

I notice the people answering Jemal's question are split 50-50, with one on the fence with "that depends." Let me tilt the scales in favor of the wrestlers—Lou would

win in a hurry. Let him get one hold on Rocky (he would, easily) and Mr. Marciano is through punching. It's been done before. Wrestlers may go in for horseplay to entertain the customers but they're athletes, and don't you or Marciano forget it.

EDWIN KRAMM

New York

MIXED CHORUS

SIR:

It would be Marciano by a knockout in the first two minutes.

SIDNEY LATIHA

Pittsburgh

SIR:

Thesz will win and maybe then wrestling will be taken a little more seriously, as it deserves to be.

JAMES M. DOYLE

Charleston, S.C.

SIR:

Marciano is in for quite a surprise but, after all, he asked for it.

C. T. CRANE

Buffalo, N.Y.

SIR:

It would be Rocky's earliest victory.

EDGAR DAWSON

Des Moines, Iowa

SIR:

If it happens, I want to see it. And I can name you the winner right now, without waiting for the outcome of the match. The winner will be Lou Thesz.

DOROTHY MEADE

Indianapolis

● SI, made co-promoter by Challenger Marciano, hopes to be at ringside for this odd combo.—ED.

continued on next page



IN BATTLE JOINED

Sirs:

I am delighted to see another MATCHWIT (SI, Sept. 12). My young son and younger daughter have very little in common at this stage and little to share in their different ways of life. MATCHWIT they both enjoyed so much and I am so glad that you decided to go on with this wonderful puzzle.

MARION GRIFFLER

Asheville, N.C.

REVIVAL

Sirs:

At last! Having mourned the MATCHWIT as dead I sure am glad that you decided to revive the two-headed monster. "More, more," says the Jenkins family.

P. ANN JENKINS

New York

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WIVES

Sirs:

As my husband will morosely testify, for these past months' life, the wonderful world of sport and SI all lost their flavor because of the inexplicable and malicious absence of my very own ewe-lamb: the MATCHWIT. What a pleasant surprise, especially as it was totally unexpected, to find in the Sept. 12 issue another challenge to my keen mind and hubby's plodding, overmatched gray cells! I hope I have many more MATCHWITS to look forward to.

PHYLLIS KIRKLAND

Baltimore

● SI, proud of its invention of the MATCHWIT, will continue to match its readers' wits with it from time to time. Those who are eager for battle will be pleased to know that Simon and Schuster published a brand-new collection of 30 MATCHWITS on Sept. 30 (see below). —ED.

THE VIEW FROM NEW HAVEN

Sirs:

It's very sweet of Herman Hickman to pick Army as one of the 11 top teams (SI, Sept. 12) but what I fail to grasp is how anyone can compare Army's opposition with the opposition faced by teams such as Michigan. If Army played a few less breathers, like Columbia or Syracuse, I fail to see how they could rank that high.

I must admit I'm bitter. What Yale student isn't after seeing what happened to last year's good season? But that shouldn't detract from the facts. Army is in a position where every member of their team is on a full scholarship. It is just as easy to offer a scholarship to a smart football player as a smart wrestler. Also, Army invariably has a winning season because they play the Ivy League. Yet when this "great" team encounters Navy or Michigan they invariably get licked. I don't deny Yale's team, we've got the best team in the Ivy League and will prove it, but I do say that I think if Army were to meet a few teams which were closer to their calibre we might see just how good the Kaydets are.

EDWARD EASTON

New Haven, Conn.

THE HURRICANE SEASON

Sirs:

Faste fix in your hat—the Hurricanes of Miami—Number One in '55!

BOT. BERT SAFERSTEIN

Miami

● Ham! Georgia Tech 14; Miami 6.—ED.

I PROHIBIT

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading Herman Hickman's predictions for the forthcoming gridiron season. I was especially happy to see that Collins (Mike) Hagler was one of the promising sophomores for the University of Iowa Hawkeyes. Because of his eagerness and competitive spirit he is destined to become one of the college's all-time greats.

Mike comes from the nation's capital, was an All-Metropolitan choice in 1953, his last year in attendance at Armstrong Technical High School. Armstrong has already produced Lenny Ford of the Browns and Avatus Stone, who plays in the Canadian pro league. Mike has always played defense and offense. I predict that, besides getting his share of All-America notice, Collins Hagler will be the nation's outstanding sophomore.

JAMES LUCAS

Albany, Ga.

HE STANDS FOR THE BEST

Sirs:

Thanks for the excellent character study of a very great leader, Bud Wilkinson, ex-Minnesota and ex-Syracuse (SI, Sept. 12). Bud clearly demonstrated his potentialities when a member of Omie Solen's coaching staff at Syracuse for several years. We alumni who were privileged to have contact with him then fully realize what an inspiring opportunity it is to the young men who play under the close supervision of this modest gentleman of sound judgment. He stands for all that is best in sport.

WILLIAM H. EBERSON

Rochester, N.Y.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A GENTLEMAN

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your splendid article on Bud Wilkinson.

As far as I know, this is the first published account of Mr. Wilkinson's philosophy of training young men. It gives an intimate insight into why he has been so successful at Oklahoma University and why we of the Oklahoma alumni think so highly of him, not only as a coach but also as a fine gentleman.

WILLIAM H. HAUN

Wichita, Kan.

THIS LEADER

Sirs:

The President no doubt has in mind the type of leader personified by Wilkinson concerning his desire for a nationwide physical fitness program.

C. E. RHODES

Brookline, Mass.

SIMPLE REPORTING

Sirs:

I read Whitney Tower's Sept. 12 report on the Nashua-Swaps race and enjoyed the abundance of detail, all well expressed.

But my pleasure stopped when Tower abandoned reporting in favor of opinion. Personally I'm not at all interested when Tower confessed to me that, "Sadly, I have to conclude that he [Swaps] didn't like competition. . . ." And I am annoyed when he pressures me "to conclude" something I haven't the faintest desire to conclude one way or another. Please stick to simple reporting.

PAUL SWENSON

Managing Editor

The Minneapolis Tribune
Minneapolis

● One more reading is in order. Whitney Tower "confessed" nothing. He was quoting SI's Los Angeles correspondent, an expert observer, who had given his conclusion after seeing the race on television.—ED.



COVER OF SIMON & SCHUSTER'S MATCHWIT PUZZLE BOOK

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN

Sirs:

It was gratifying to see the well-deserved tribute to Bobby Jones and his historic Grand Slam triumph (SI, Sept. 12, 191). I was playing at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's in the British Amateur this spring, and the first day there I began to realize that the place was practically a living shrine to Bobby Jones.

There is a magnificent picture in oil of him hanging in the clubhouse. His masher-iron with which he played a fabulous shot in the 1926 Open at St. Anne's is hanging on the wall in the foyer. A large album containing the actual scorecards with Jones's signatures and many photographs, mostly of him, is in a prominent place in the clubhouse. Out on the course in a sand trap on the 17th hole is a plaque of bronze, forever marking the spot from which the aforementioned shot was played.

The members spoke of Jones as though he had played there at some very recent time, a true living memory. On reflection, I felt it was incredible that Bobby had actually played and won his British Open there 29 years previously and at the tender age of 24 years! What a magnificent spirit and personality this man must have had to have generated this kind of worship and reverence and to have had it last unchanged for 29 years!

HENRY TIMBEROOK

San Francisco

OUR ACTIVE READERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on the Blue Jay article (SI, Aug. 29). Within the past few days our firm of naval architects has received inquiries for kits and complete boats from over 75 families from all over the country—a fine compliment to your active readership. Though the class is still modest in size compared to our Lightning design, listing 380 boats as compared to over 6,000 Lightnings, it has more than quadrupled its registration in the last two years. Twenty yacht clubs have officially adopted the Blue Jay for junior training and most of them set aside one or two days a week for adult use, proving the boat's appeal as a real family sailer.

We want to congratulate you on your complete sports coverage in general and on yachting, America's most popular participation sport, in particular.

ROBERT J. SPARKMAN

New York

OFFICE ROUTINE

Sirs:

A "pat on the back" is in order, I believe, for your staff of imaginative and extremely able cartoonists.

Invariably I pin several of their products every week on the bulletin board in the large office where I work. Popular demand has grown to such an extent that I must continue or else.

So please tell your cartoonists that my job depends on their continued excellent work.

BILL ARNSHOLD

Felton, N.Y.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Sirs:

This is not intended to call John Bentley to task; he is a tribute to the world of motor sports. But did somebody goof, or is there a difference of opinion extant between the

engineering division and technical publication department of the Triumph TR2 (SI, Aug. 29)?

A newsletter from the importers of the Triumph, dated August 1955, describes modifications to the Le Mans cars which included SU H6 carbs and disc brakes but not even a whisper concerning a seven-gear overdrive transmission. The special factory supplement relative to the Laycock de Normanville overdrive states clearly, "No provision is made for overdriving any gear other than top gear, nor is it recommended."

FRANK J. SALKOWSKI

Fort Pierce, Fla.

● Up to July of this year the Laycock de Normanville overdrive available for the TR2 was designed for use only off the top gear. However, the works car test-driven by John Bentley was equipped with the overdrive described in SI, which last month became available on production models.—ED.

I DID IT

Sirs:

Thanks for that interesting do-it-yourself article on "How To Climb The Matterhorn." I was so impressed that one week after I bought the July 25 issue I did do it myself.

LT. THOMAS F. MCKENNA, USA
Nurnberg, Germany

KINGMAKERS

Sirs:

In your August 29 issue, some unkind person must have upset the checkerboard. I notice in your column, OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD, under "checkers" that Mr. Tinsley won by a 3-0 score in a 40-game match, with 35 games ending in draws. What happened to the other two games? Am I in your king row?

JOHN A. FERGUSON

Englewood, Colo.

● SI's king row remains unthreatened. With Tinsley leading by three games and with only two games to go, the match was closed since Hellman could not possibly win.—ED.

SURE THING?

Sirs:

What percentage would a marksman have to score on a minimum of 500 registered targets to be given a Grand American Handicap of only 19 feet as SI stated in its Sept. 5 issue? Perhaps I could make it at next year's Grand!

EDWIN E. ALSMAN

Rushville, Ind.

● At any rate Mr. Alzman is a more successful judge of distance than SI's myopic reporter, who meant to say 19 yards.—ED.

GOLFSHIP AT CHEVY CHASE

Sirs:

Today was a turning point in my golf! After buying your magazine (for the 57th time) I discovered the greatest article on defensive golf I have ever read ("Golf: The Defense," E & D, Sept. 12).

Laden with three copies of the piece I went out to the clubhouse. I thrust one in each of my partners' golf bags and waited. On the first fairway the clipping was discovered. First laughter and then the thought of their own mistakes came. Having the upper hand I, for once, helped my game; not by my score, as it stayed the same, but by their laughter, which did not help their accuracy.

I. MACKAY

Chevy Chase, Md.

WE TWO OUT OF HUNDREDS

Sirs:

My husband and I were thrilled with your article in the Sept. 5 issue on a great sportsman—Cecil Smith.

We were particularly interested to note that he considered the 1949 match here with the Argentine team his greatest play. Perhaps Mr. Smith would be pleased to know that at least two—and there may be hundreds—of those who witnessed his tremendous performance will never in their lives forget it.

I would rather see that match replayed just as it was back in 1949 than attend the Olympic Games in Australia, all expenses paid.

LILLIAN STEVENS

Los Angeles



"Knight to bishop four, check."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD

LOU WHITMAN

Lou Whitman, a 49-year-old sailing-canoe expert from Brooklyn, deserves much of the credit for the U.S. victory over Britain early this month in the competition for the little-publicized International Challenge Cup, 59-year-old sailing-canoe trophy originally put up by the N.Y. Canoe Club. The U.S. four-man team, sailing in canoes designed by Team Captain Whitman, edged Britain 2-1 in races at Sea Cliff, N.Y. An apartment-house owner, Whitman's knowledge of naval architecture is self-taught. Sailing canoes are extremely specialized, differing from ordinary canoes in having a full deck over a hull designed for sailing, not paddling. In 1948 Whitman and Adolph Morse of Yonkers, N.Y. (shown at left sitting on the end of the hiking board of a Whitman-designed boat) went to Britain to try to regain the cup which the British had sailed off with in 1933 after almost 50 years of trying. Whitman and Morse did not bring back the cup, but they brought back a lot of knowledge. In 1952 Whitman again went to Britain, this time with *Mañana II*, a boat of his own design. He was successful and returned with the cup. This year marked the second straight U.S. win.





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